

The
BLACK HOMER
of JIMTOWN



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THE BLACK HOMER OF
JIMTOWN

The BLACK HOMER
of J I M T O W N

By Ed. Mott

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"THE OLD SETTLER," ETC., ETC.

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JIMTOWN is in the piney woods, where the air is soft and dry and balmy, and people live long. The Black Homer dwells there. If you should journey that way, you may find him at his cabin, or perhaps at work in the turpentine woods. Look him up, and it may be that he will tell you tales like these, if not some that will be still more startling, of the days his old mammy and Mahs' McKeever were wont to remember, either personally or by proxy.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE RISE AND FALL OF
ABSALOM.

THE RISE AND FALL OF ABSALOM.

The Black Homer of Jimtown Introduces Mahs'
McKeever by an Impressive Temperance Tale
from the Cape Fear Country.

No, suh, I doan' bean bo'n in dis hyuh tah-
pentine belt on de sand hills o' de piney woods.
No, suh. I done spreng up 'way down yon in
de Cape Fair kentry, yeahs an' yeahs 'fo' de
wah, suh. An' I done spreng up on de ol'
McKeevuh plahntation, whah Mahs' McKeevuh's
fadduh an' he fadduh's fadduhs dey done spreng
up, too, ginerations an' ginerations of 'em, an'
whah my ol' mammy an' huh mammy, an' huh
mammy's mammy, I reckon, dey done spreng up
an' flo'rish an' pahs away ovuh Jo'dan w'en dey
time it come to pahs away—an' dey pahs away
happy, too, so dey do, suh! Mighty fine times
we use to have down dah, suh! An' Mahs'
McKeevuh! Duh nevuh bean setch a man

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lack he bean ! I got oodles an' oodles o' tings I kin tell yo' 'bout dat man an' de wun'ful skivellations he know bout de fambly an' de plahn-tations, an' de crackinacious tings he say an' do ! Wun'ful, suh ! Wun'ful man, Mahs' McKeevuh done bean, an' duh hain' bean no glimmuh nor glammuh down yon, suh, since he glide to de udduh sho', an' de plahntation it doan' be Mahs' McKeevuh's no mo'.

Mahs' McKeevuh done give me a pow'ful temp'unce lectchuh one time down yon, an' I done fight mighty shy o' 'simmon beeah, an' scup'nong wine, an' peach an' honey, an' w'ite co'n lickuh, suh, ev' sence dat time. Jicketty ! Peahs to me lack I nevuh did heah tell o' setch a temp'unce lectchuh lack dat lectchuh done bean ! Ef all de cullud folks in de piney woods kin have setch a temp'unce lectchuh lack dat, duh done bean a powuhful sight mo' niggus in de meetin' house, suh, holluh'n ' Glory ! ' an' a mighty sight less of 'em snickin' to de cock fight wiv a razuh in dey pocket ! Yes, suh ! Sho's yo' bo'n !

Long time sence de wah, Mahs' McKeevuh—co'se, he doan' bean Mahs' McKeevuh no mo' den, but we des' natch'ly call him mahsuh 'kase

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we cain't get out'n de way of it, an' he mighty fine man—Mahs' McKeevuh he done t'ink he go up No'th an' see how t'ings lookin' up dah, an' he kim home bahmby tickle mos' to deff ovuh a feesh pond w'at he done see on a man's plahntation up dah, an' he tu'n to an' meck a feesh pond fo' he ownseff right in de do' yahd. An' he sen' an' he git gold feesh an' silvuh feesh an' red feesh an' streaky feesh an' craw-feesh, heaps an' heaps of 'em, an' tu'n 'em in de pond, an' dey 'peah mighty fine, de way dey scoot an' scrummage an' ramificate roun' in dat pond, suh—mighty fine! Den, one day Mahs' McKeevuh he cotch in he net a monst'us big mullet, an' he tu'n de mullet in de pond. De mullet he root an' poke he snoot roun' on de bottom, an' he so despu't bad lookin'dat mahsuh he teck a great shine to him an' name him Absalom.

One day Mahs' McKeevuh he bean watchin' Absalom pokin' he snoot roun' an' roun' an' in an' out, des' lack he bean sahchin' fo' suffin' an' he cain't fine it, an' bahmby mahsuh say:

"Tony," he say, "'peahs to me dat dah feesh done bean mighty dry. Dat feesh bean lookin' fo' a drink o' suffin, sho's yo' bo'n!" he say.

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I have to snickuh w'en mahs' he say dat, an' I tink to myseff: "Guess yo' bean lookin' fo' suffin' to drink yo' ownseff, Mahs' McKeevuh, an' done foun' it, suh!" But I say:

"Sho, mahsuh!" I say. "Feesh dey doan' drink nuffin'! Ef dey do, ain' day got de hull pond to he'p deyseffs in?"

"Tony," Mahs' McKeevuh say, "dat mullet Absalom he know too much to drink wahtah!" an' mahsuh go to de house. Bahmby he kim back wiv a bottle o' milk, an' he done fit a nozzle on it, suh. Den he shove dat nozzle down in de pond, an' Absalom he cock he eye up at it a spell, an' den he wiggle up an' grab it. He suck he big mouf full o' milk, but 'peahs he doan' lack it, an' he sput it out an' wiggle back to de bottom an' look up at Mahs' McKeevuh des' lack he done bean 'gusted wiv him. Mahs' he lie back an' snickuh an' chuckle.

"Absalom he done t'ink I teck him fo' a calf," mahsuh say, "an' he doan' lack it! I reckon dat dat feesh know a heap," mahsuh say, "an' I des' gwan to see how peeuh he done bean."

Den mahs' he ponduh in his mind an' bahmby he say:

"Tony," he say, "I done b'lieve dis hyuh

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Absalom know so much dat 'simmon beeuh des' gwan to set good on he system ! ”

Now I des' pinin' fo' 'simmon beeuh my ownseff, 'kaze I know de heaps o' joy duh bean in it, an' I cain't satiate myseff to t'ink Mahs' McKeevuh done gwan to cas' he beeuh on de wah-tuhs dat a-way, des' fo' dat ol' mud-snoot mullet to poke he nose in, an' me right dah a-quiv'n an' a-shiv'n fo' des' a little sniff of it my ownseff, an' I holluh :

“Go 'way, Mahs' McKeevuh ! ” I holluh. “Dat monst'us foolish, suh ! Doan' yo' go squanduh 'simmon beeuh on a clay-rootin' feesh w'at ain' got no lips to smack ovuh it, suh, an' cain't feel its snap. Dat de mos' oncivilized pusseedin' I evuh did heah of sence de wah, suh.”

But mahs' he des' grin an' say : “Tony,” he say, “I done b'lieve dis hyuh Absalom know so much dat 'simmon beeuh des' gwan to set good on he system,” an' he skittuh in de house, git a bottle o' 'simmon beeuh, squeeze de nozzle on it, an' p'int it down in de pond. Absalom he cock he eye up at de nozzle, an' bahmby he wiggle heseff up to it wiv no mo' life in him, suh, dan a Peedee nigguh in August. But I des' weesh yo'

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kin see dat feesh w'en he poke he nose 'gin dat nozzle an' git one sniff! Jicketty! He eyes dey pop open, an' he fins dey rise lack dey done been eahs on a skittish hoss, suh! Den he close he snoot on dat nozzle an' give a suck. Mighty Gabr'el! yo' des' ottuh see dat feesh den, suh! He leggo de nozzle and back off a little mite, an' chaw on dat 'simmon beeh, an' roll he eyes des lack he done got de powuh dat blessed minute an' gwan to shout "Hallelooyuh!" Den he swash up 'gin dat nozzle ag'in, shet he snoot on it, an' suck an' suck, an' close he eyes, an' ope he eyes, an' roll he eyes, an' try to pat heseff on de belly wiv he tail till duh ain' a drap o' simmon beeh lef' in de bottle, suh, an' Mahs' McKeevuh des' swoop back on de groun' an' roll an' holluh an' kick he heels. An' he holluh:

"Dah, Tony!" he holluh. "W'at I done tol' yo'? Doan' dat feesh know enough fo' 'simmon beeh to set good on he system?"

"'Peahs lack he do," I say. "An' I knows des' as much as dat feesh, I reckon, Mahs' McKeevuh!" I say; but mahs' he so desp'ut boun' up in dat mud-rootin' ol' mullet dat he nevuh did teck de hint, suh. An' w'at yo' t'ink dat feesh done do? He go back to de bottom, an' how he

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do cut up didos! He eyes day belge, an he grin' lack he simple. He dive at de goldfeesh, an' de silvuh feesh, an' de streaky feesh, an' he stan' on he haid in de mud, an' wiggle he tail, an' teck on shameful. He swash up to de top an' swish 'way outen de wahtuh, an tu'n ovun an' ovuh, lack he bean a clown in de succuss, suh, an' ope he mouf des' lack he boun'to holluh an' holluh!

"Jicketty!" Mahs' McKeevuh say, w'en he kin quit chucklin' an' rollin': "Absalom done try to sing he woan' go home till mo'nin', sho's yo' bo'n!"

"Mahs' McKeevuh," I say, "dat feesh bean shameful drunk, suh!"

"Sho'ly!" mahs' he say. "Di'n' I tol' yo' he done know a heap?"

Den I go way, suh, mighty sad an' pow'ful disapp'inted. Nex' mo'nin' I go ovuh to de pond, an' Mahs' McKeevuh he kim down dah. Absalom he lie humped up 'long a rock, lookin' mighty dumpy, an' lack he feel monst'us bad. He haid it 'peah desp'ut heavy, an' he eyes dey mos' shet.

"Ho, ho!" mahs' he say. "'Peahs lack Absalom ain' feelin' peeuh't dis mo'nin'. I spec' he done need a eye-openuh, Tony."

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An' w'at yo' t'ink Mahs' McKeevuh done do, suh? He mix a pow'ful hoot o' peach an' honey—a pow'ful hoot, suh! Um-m-m-m—um! how it do meck my mouf wahtuh des to ketch de scent o' dat hoot! He mix it, an' he put it in de bottle, an' he fit de nozzle on, an' he push it down in de pond fo' dat disgraceful feesh to tampuh wiv, suh! Absalom he stagguh up an' guzzle it lack an ol' topuh, an' he wiggle back an' prance around an' show heseff an' swagguh 'mongst d' udduh feesh des' lack he nevuh did feel bad in he life! An' how dat do tickle Mahs' McKeevuh!

“Yah, yah!” mahsuh chuckle. “Des' lack a So'th'n gemmun, suh!” he say.

“I cain't stan' setch a was'e o' soothin' lickuh, suh, 'kase it shameful, an' I skittuh 'way fum dah. But Mahs' McKeevuh des' spen' mos' he time c'rousin' wiv dat monst'us bad feesh. He fotch out he scup'nong wine, an' Absalom guzzle dat lack he been fotch up to it from de cradle, suh. Mahsuh fotch out de peach an' honey, an' de feesh des' natch'ly at home wiv dat too. Yo' cain't go ovuh to dat pond but dah bean dat mullet stagguh'n roun' an' actin' shameful; 'kase he full o' lickuh de hull time, suh, an' Mahs'

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McKeevuh lyin' back an' declah'n to goodness dat feesh know des' as much as any So'th'n gemmun dah is from Cape Fair to ol' V'ginny. One day Absalom he done load up on 'simmon beeh an' peach an' honey an' scup'nong wine, an' den mahs' he fotch out he w'ite co'n lickuh, w'at been made back yon in de hills, suh, an' done run de blockade, too, suh, shu's yo' bo'n! Dat feesh nevuh do have none o' dat w'ite co'n yit, an' w'en he suck a snootful froo de nozzle he leggo mighty quick an' look pow'ful s'prise. De wattuh it staht fum he eyes, an' he gape like he ritchin' fo' wind. But he done git he breff bahmby, an' he snatch dat nozzle ag'in an' swamp mo'n five finguh's o' dat w'ite co'n fo' he drap it.

"Jicketty!" Mahs' McKeevuh say. "Dat dah feesh done got a soul bigguh'n a beef's haht, suh!"

But dat w'ite co'n it done teck to wuckin' on Absalom bahmby, an' sho! doan' he be mussy! He git full o' fight, suh. He swush 'mongst dem gold feesh, an' dem silvuh feesh, an' dem streaky feesh, an' he shove 'em, an' he punch 'em, an' he swat 'em. Um-m-m-m-um! how he do swat dem po' fish! He act desp'ut, suh, an' I declah I

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spec' ev' minute dat he done pull a razuh ! De gold feesh, an' de silvuh feesh, an' de streaky feesh, dey done squiffle away an' hide bes' dey kin, an' den Absalom he tu'n to an' pick a fuss wiv one o' dem crawfeesh. Dat crawfeesh he ain' dah to be joggle by no crazy blind drunk mud-snoot mullet, an' he des' ritch out wiv one claw an' clutch Absalom on one side he jaw, an' ritch out wiv he udduh claw an' clutch Absalom on d' udduh side he jaw, an' he hol' on an' pinch an' nip an' squeeze de pow'fulles' kyine, an' done lick dat big mussy feesh so quick he dunno waffo' he livin', an' he mighty glad to stagguh off an' hide 'hind a rock an' nuss he so' haid.

" 'Peahs lack w'ite co'n been a leetle too on-soothin' fo' dat feesh," Mahs' McKeevuh say. "He strung a heap too fine fo' w'ite co'n," he say.

Absalom he nevuh skittuh out fum dat rock till evenin', suh, an' den mahs' go down dah an' push down a bottle o' 'simmon beeh. De feesh swiggle a moufful, but sput it out. Mahs' he t'ink mebbe Absalom's system bean shuck up too much fo' 'simmon beeh, an' he push down some peach an' honey. Dat feesh sco'n it, suh ! Dat feesh sco'n peach an' honey ! Den mahs' he

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t'ink Absalom pinin' fo' wine, an' he fotch out de scup'nong. Yo' t'ink dat shameful feesh done look at scup'nong? No, suh! He tu'n up he snoot at it! An' dah bean me, suh, pinin' an' quiv'n an shiv'n an' hank'n fo' des' one lap!

"I declah!" Mahs' McKeevuh say. "'Peahs lack dish yuh feesh done tu'n ovuh a new leaf!"

But mahs' he fotch out de w'ite co'n lickuh an' try Absalom wiv dat. W'at yo' tink, suh? Dat shameful feesh grab dat nozzle, an' he suck an' guzzle an' woan' leggo till mahs' tap him two free times on he haid wiv he cane! Mighty Gabr'el! how low dat feesh done sink! And attuh dat nuffin' have powuh enough fo' Absalom but w'ite co'n, an' he des' settle squah down an' hang roun' all de time waitin' fo' mahsuh to ask him to have suffin'. He dah so reg'luh, dat one day mahsuh say:

"Tony," he say, "I declah ef it doan' 'peah lack dis hyuh feesh done 'quiah a tas'e for lickuh!"

Den mahs' t'ink he breck Absalom fum it, an' he tempuh he swigs o' w'ite co'n wiv a right smaht o' wahtuh, an' den he stop de lickuh on him squah off. But nex' day he go to de pond, an' he see Absalom wiv he eyes poppin' mos'

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outen he haid wiv skeeuh, pullin' heseff back in a hole in de bank, des' lack he dōne tryin' to hide fum suffin' w'at chasin' him. Den he swush out an' skittuh lack ol' Satan done bean attuh him, an' hide 'hind a rock, an' peek out to see ef it bean attuh him yit, an' he eyes mos' drappin' on he cheeks, he so skeeuht !

"Jicketty !" Mahs' McKeevuh say. "Absalom done see lizzuhds an' snakes an' red devils ! He got de tremuhs. I done shet he lickuh off too sudden, suh," mahs' he say.

Den mahs' he skittuh an' git he w'ite co'n. Absalom scoot up an' grab it. Um-m-m-m-un ! How lickin' good 'peahs lack dat do tas'e to him ! He done slip free monst'us big hoots o' w'ite co'n inside heseff, an' den he swagguh off peeuh as evuh, suh ! But he on de downwud paff ! He mus' have mo' an' mo' w'ite co'n ev' day, an' he git swull up an' scrumpy. He eyes dey t'un raid, an' he doan' keeuh how drunk he git. Mahs' doan' dah shet he lickuh off, kase he get de snakes ag'in, an' mahs' caint bah to see dat. He swull an' bloat, an' git so shameful dat de gold feesh an' de silvuh feesh an' de streaky fish dey shun him lack he bean p'ison, an' de crawfeesh pitch on him an' frow him out

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ev' time he go roun' whah decent feesh done stay. Oh, he des' a common bummuh, suh, an' bahmby he 'gin to feel he disgrace. One day he hang roun' an' lay fo' w'ite co'n till 'peahs lack ef he swamp any mo' he boun' to bus', shu's he bo'n. Den he sneak to a rock way to d' udduh end de pond, an' he stop lack he ponduh. Den 'peahs lack he done meck up he mind, 'kase he stagguh back two, free feet, an' wush heseff haid fus' 'gin dat rock, lack a ram sheep buttin' he very bes'. Absalom he bounce back lack a ball, shivuh a spell, an' tu'n he belly to de sun, daid as a pisened pup, suh!

"Dah, Tony!" Mahs' McKeevuh say. "See w'at de cuss o' lickuh done do! Fight shy of it, Tony!" mahs' he say, an' done mix heseff de stiffes' hoot o' peach an' honey I evuh see him tampuh wiv, suh!

But dat bean a pow'ful temp'ance lectchuh, sho'ly, suh, an' I done fight mighty shy o'—t'ank yo', suh! T'ank yo', suh! Ah-h-h! Ef Mahs' McKeevuh only des' done keep it lack dat, suh, Absalom he bean livin' yit, sho's yo' bo'n, an' I nevuh done spen' all dese hyuh yeahs fightin' shy, suh!

THE MAN FROM CALOOSA-
HATCHEE.

THE MAN FROM CALOOSA- HATCHEE.

How His Pitiful Tale Deceived the Black Homer, and Destroyed Forever His Confidence in One-Legged Darkies.

I DOAN' nevuh lack to see a one-laig dahky, suh, 'kase 'peahs to me lack dey des' natch'ly cain't have no conscience. Deed yo' evuh lose free dolluh, suh? I done lose free dolluh one time, an' waffo' yo' tink I doan' fine it? 'Kase I bean des' big enough fool nigguh not to know whah to luke fo, dat free dolluh till it bean too late. Dat's waffo' I doan' fine it, suh.

One time, long sence de wah, when I live down yon 'long de Cape Fair Rivuh, a cullud man kim pluggin' 'long dah wiv only one laig. 'Peahs lack he luke desp'rit sonk down in he haht an' pow'ful hongry.

"Reckon yo' doan' keeuh 'bout givin' a gem-mum suffin' to eat, does you?" he say.

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"Why, sho'ly!" I say. "Com in de house."

De man he kim in de house, an' de wooman she done sot him out suffin' to eat, an' he done sot to an' swamp it, suh, lack he hain' sock he teef in nuffin' lack dat dah dis long time.

"Whah yo' done cum fum?" I say.

"'Loosyhatchy," he say.

"Huh, huh," I say, but I doan' know whah 'Loosyhatchy been no mo' dan ef it doan' bean nowhah. Den bahmby I say, "'Loosyhatchy, huh? Dat bean fah?"

"Fah!" de man he say. "Co'se dat bean fah! Dat bean way down in Flah'dy. Co'se yo' done heah 'bout de Daddy Dick fambly of 'Loosyhatchy?" he say.

"Nevuh deed heah 'bout 'em at all!" I say.

"Sho!" he say. "Dat bean monst'us queeuh! Nevuh deed heah 'bout de Daddy Dick fambly, what de 'gahtus done bean so pow'ful fond of? Dat monst'us queeuh! I bean mos' de las' membuh dat dah fambly. I done lose dis hyuh laig 'case I bean one de Daddy Dick fambly. Dah nevuh wuz no fambly 'long de 'Loosyhatchy wa't de 'gahtus bean so fond of as dey bean of dat fambly of ou'n. Why, de 'gahtus done bean so pow'ful fond o' dat fambly dey teck my ol'

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fadduh all to deyseffs, an' dey teck my pic'ninny sistuh all to deyseffs, an' dey done try to teck me, but all I kin spah to 'em des' bean dat dah laig. Den dey hankuh fo' my brudduh Lem, an' dey teck so much of him dat he des' natch'ly pine away an' doan' nevuh geet ovuh it. Yo' nevuh see how fond dem 'gahtus done bean o' dat fambly, suh! Monst'us queeuh yo' nevuh deed heah 'bout it!"

I tell de man I pow'ful sorry, but I cain't hep it. I nevuh did heah 'bout dat Daddy Dick fambly. De man he look lack he feel hu't, but it doan' teck he appetite, an' bahmby he done eet all dey wuz an' den quit.

"Yes, suh," he say, woppin' de col' possum off he chops wiv de back o' he han'. "It bean a pitiful t'ing how dat fambly done wase away befo' dem 'Loosyhatchy 'gahtus?"

Den de man he tell us 'bout it. 'Peahs lack dat fambly bean happy in dey cabin as pottidge in a cow-pea patch, so dis hyuh man he say, an' one day ol' Daddy Dick he teck he pole an' go' out to de 'Loosyhatchy to cotch a mess o' feesh, des' nigh by de cabin. He doan' come home to he suppuh, an' dey go out to look whah he bean. Dey nevuh did fine whah he bean, but dey done

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fine he hat an' he feesh pole on de bank. Dat bean all.

"Ef I bean in de cote house on my dyin' oaf dat dah minute," dis hyuh man he say, "an' de Judge done ask me whah I t'ink my fadduh is, I des natch'ly say he bean snoozin' on de aidge o' de 'Loosyhatchy, an' he done bean gollup by a 'gatuh! Dat's wat I ansuh," dis hyuh man he say, "'kase dat bean de troof, sho's yo' bo'n!"

"It ain' bean long attuh my ol' fadduh he go 'way wid de 'gatuhs," de man he say, "when I geet home one day an' dah mammy she done sot des' natch'ly belluh'n huh eyes mos' out'n huh haid.

"'Waffo' yo' done belluh'n, mammy?' I say.

"'Yo' little sistuh Rosybell she done gone de way o' yo' po' ol' fadduh!' she say. 'Dat's waffo' I belluh'n!' she say.

"'Gatuhs?' I say.

"'Huh, huh!' mammy she say. "'Gatuhs done teck huh home!'"

'Peahs Mammy Dick she done bean down to de rivuh doin' huh washin', de way dis hyuh man tell it, an' he little sistuh she bean 'long. Bahmby Mammy Dick 'membuh she fo'git suf-

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fin' she want, an' she go back to de cabin attuh it. When she geet back to de rivuh duh ain't no little sistuh dah, but de sand 'long de aidge o' de rivuh it bean to' up right smaht, an' mammy she know a 'gatuh done come out, an' he bean so fond o' Rosybell he des' cain't leave huh dah, an' done teck huh 'way wiv him.

“Den I des' natch'ly git a gun;” dis hyuh one-laig man he say, “an' tote it wiv me when I go feeshin', but one day w'at yo' 'spec' I done do? Jicketty! I bean settin' 'long de 'Loosyhatchy feeshin', an' I fo'git how dem 'gatuhs bean so desp'rit fond o' de fambly, an' I drap asleep, des' lack po' ol' daddy done do! Bahmby suffin' weck me up, an' I ope my eyes to see w'at dat mus' be, an' sho! w'at yo' tink? It bean a ol' 'gatuh, an' he have dat dah laig stuff in he froat clean to de knee, an' he chawin' away to geet de res' o' me! I see he done gwan to do it, sho's I bo'n, ef I doan' hump myseff, an' so I ritch out an' grab a tree. I tug, an' de 'gatuh he tug, an' when he see he cain't git de res' o' me wivout he wuck mighty hahd, he des' chop dat laig squah off an' go back wiv it to he home in de rivuh. Den I des' know'd dat dem 'Loosyhatchy 'gatuhs dey done have de hoodoo

30 The Black Homer of Jintown.

powuh, an' kin spell folks to sleep, an' I nevuh go 'long de rivuh no mo' wivout free haihs out'n a wite hoss's tail an' a rusty hosseshoe nail in my pocket, so de 'gatuhs dey cain't hoodoo me no mo', an' dey doan'. But my brudduh Lem he done dah de 'gatuhs to gollup him, 'kase he doan' feesh only fum he ol' canoe. I reckon he been monst'us sorry fo' dat now! One day he feeshin' fum he canoe, an' two big 'gatuhs dey jump on it and upsot it in de watuh. Lem he bean a pow'ful fine swimmuh, an' he pull fo' de sho'. I bean dah feeshin', an' I tink Lem he ritch de sho' 'fo' de 'gatuhs done git him, but dey kim reshin' attuh him wiv dey jaws flung wide open, an des' Lem he gwan to pull heseff out on de bank, dey give a monst'us jomp an' shet dey jaws tight on bofe he laigs an' teck 'em. Dat's all dey kin geet o' Lem, but he so disapp'inted 'kase he misjege heseff an' de 'gatuhs dat he pine an' pine heseff to deff!

“Ain' dat dah de pitifulles' ting w'at yo' evuh did heah? Den ol' mammy she des' natch'ly done give up, an' de 'gatuhs dey done have huh, too, long fo' dis hyuh time, ef she doan' move 'way fum de 'Loosyhatchy, an' she do. She say she know Daddy Dick an' de res' o' de

The Man from Caloosa-Hatchee. 31

fambly dey done gone to Heaven, an' she be monst'us glad to jine 'em, but she say she doan' hankuh attuh gwan by de 'Loosyhatchy 'gatuh line. So she done go to huh brudduh's, 'way off fum dah, an' so I bean 'mos' de las' membuh dat Daddy Dick fambly, an' I wand' up an' down de wide wul', wivout no home, an' only one laig."

I done feel monst'us sorry fo' de po' man, an' I tell him to stay dah wiv us two, free days, an' res' heseff, an' cheeuh heseff up. He done stay. We feed dat cullud pusson on de fat o' de lan', an' he cheeuh up pow'fulles' kyine two, free days. Den he reckon he got to wanduh in de wide wul' ag'in, an' 'way he peg down de road, an' we nevuh did see him no mo'. Attuh he bean gone, 'long kim Sandy McKeevuh, an' he have a nice fat shoat he want to sale fo' free dolluh. I tink I buy dat shoat, an' go in de house to git free dolluh w'at bean in my ol' jacket hangin' on de kitchen do'. De free dolluh it doan' be dah, an' I cain't fine it nowhah. I cain't tink whah I kin lose dat free dolluh, but it done been los'. I cain't buy de shoat, an' Sandy he feel mighty bad an' go back home. Nex' day strange w'ite man kim ridin' by dah.

32 The Black Homer of Jimtown.

“Anybody done seen a one-laig nigguh 'roun' dese hyuh plahntations?” he say.

I tell him duh wus a cullud gemman bean stoppin' dah two, free days, an' he only have one laig.

“Whah he come fum?” de w'ite man say.

“'Loosyhatchy, Flah'dy,” I say, an' den I done tell de w'ite man 'bout de po' cullud gemmun, an' how he bean mos' de las' membuh he fambly, wand'n up an' down de wide wul' wiv only one laig, 'kase de 'Loosyhatchy 'gatuhs bean so fond o' he fambly. De w'ite man he only des' grin', an' den he say:

“Las' spring, up yon in de Drowndin' Creek kentry,” he say, “Squiah Cammon he miss he sheep so much he done t'ink a bah bean attuh 'em, an' he sot a trap to cotch dat bah. Nex' mo'nin' de Squiah he go out to see ef de trap done geet dat bah, an' w'at yo' tink? De trap it have de bah w'at done bean stealin' dem sheep. De bah bean Pete Bunk, de mos' wuf-flesses' nigguh in No'th C'lina! De trap chaw de laig so bad dey have to cut it off. Dat's de nighest he ev' bean to 'Loosyhatchy, an' dat's de way 'gatuhs chop he laig off! Ise attuh him wiv a wah'nt des' now, 'kase he's done bean stealin' Squiuh Cammon's gol' watch!”

The Man from Caloosa-Hatchee. 33

De w'ite man he rid on down de road, an' ef he cotch dat cullud pusson I nevuh did heah 'bout it. But I know den dat I bean des' big enough fool nigguh not to know whah to luke fo' dat free dolluh I lose till it bean too late.

No, suh ! I doan' nevuh lack to see one laig dahky, 'kase 'peahs to me lack dey cain't have no conscience, suh ! 'Peahs to me so ; an' dat's a fact !

A PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

A PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

How Mahs' McKeever Took to Eating it, and,
True to the Black Homer's Old Mammy's
Prophecy, Something Desperate Covered the
Land, and Tribulation Came to Mah's Jim.

I RECKON yo' done heah oodles o' feesh stories wa't bean monst'us queeuh, "but I bet yo' anyting, suh, yo' nevuh did heah one so queeuh as one w'at done happen down yon 'long de Cape Fair Rivuh, 'fo' de wah, dune the wah, an' sence de wah. I doan' tink I done fo'got dat feesh story. Bean a long time ago, dough. Lemme see. How dat feesh story go? Um-m-m—sho! How dat go? Oh, jicketty! Now I 'membuh! Dat feesh story it done staht in wid a frog—a monst'us big frog. No, suh, it doan', needuh! It staht way up norf in Can'dy, whahev' dat bean, wiv a run-away nigguh—dis hyuh way:

One time one o' ol' mahsuh's niggus he t'un up missin' an' mahs' he cain' fine hide no wool

38 The Black Homer of Jimtown.

o' dat nigguh. He done gone des' lack he seenk
froo de groun'. He pow'ful high price nigguh,
dat un bean, an' ol' mahs' he desp'rit put out
'kase he cain't geet on he track. Time it go and
go, an' bahmby mahs' he geet a lettuh one day.
Dat lettuh it kim all de way from Can'dy, an' it
bean from Zim, de missin' nigguh. Not zac'ly it
doan' been fum him, needuh, 'kase co'se Zim he
cain't write, but it bean writ by some un in
Can'dy fo' Zim, an' it say dat Zim he des' natch'ly
'bout frizz to deff up dah, an' he pinin' to get
back on de o' Cape Fair, but he doan' know de
way. He plid wid mahsuh to come up dah an'
geet him, or sen' some un attuh him, an' he des'
jog 'long back wiv him, an' be pow'ful good all
de res' he days. Ol' mahs', he mighty glad to
heah dis hyuh, an' he go to Can'dy he ownseff
to fotch Zim back. While he bean up dah, mahs'
he done live fine, 'kase he fall in wiv dat kyine
o' man, an' 'bove all tings else he done do, he
lahn to eat frogs! Yes, suh! Jicketty! Des' tink
o' dat dah, suh! An' he meck Zim lahn to cook
'em 'fo' dey staht home, an' when dey git back
to de ol' plahntation an' mahs' he oduh me out
'long de rivuh to cotch frogs, an' we fine out he
gwan to eat 'em, it skeeuh ev'body on the plahn-

tation most in fits. My ol' mammy she mos' drap daid when she heah 'boat it, an' she frow up huh eyes an' huh han's, an' she holluh :

"Frogs!" she dun holluh. "Dey bean one o' de plaigs of Idjipt, an' ol' mahs' he dun tu'n to an' eat 'em! Gabr'el, is yo gwan to blow dis hyuh minute, or is duh suffin' desp'rit gwan to kivvuh de lan'?"

Mammy she wait an' listen, an' Gabr'el he doan' toot. Den she holluh :

"'Tain't Gabr'el!" she holluh. "De great day it ain't come yit; but it des' natch'ly mowt bettuh be, 'kase w'en folks dey teck and tu'n to an' eat de plaigs of Idjipt, den suffin' desp'rit boun' to kivvuh de lan', sho's yo' bo'n!"

An' w'at yo' tink, suh? De wah it kim 'long de nex' yeah! An' my ol' mammy she holluh :

"Dah! W'at I done tol' yo'? De lan' w'at eats de plaigs of Idjipt been boun' to have suffin' desp'rit kivvuh'n it! Ol' mahs' he done gwan to have a heap to ans' fo' on de great day!"

An' heap o' udduh folks dey t'ink so, too, but mahs' he des' kip right on eatin' he frogs an' 'joy 'empow'ful. Um-m-m—um! how mahsuh did 'joy dem frogs! One day I bean gwan to de rivuh to cotch him a mess—duh been a monst'us

40 The Black Homer of Jintown

lot o' frogs 'long dah in dem days—w'en I see de mos' jubilatiness' big frog w'at I evuh heah tell about, seatin' on a gum stump, close by de wat-tuh, sassy as a bulldog. 'Peahs lack dat frog been bigguh dan a pup', an' he eyes dey lie out on he cheeks lack a nigguh's skeeuht by a ghos'.

"Jicketty!" I say. "Weesh mammy wuz hyuh! I feel des' lack dat frog done gwan to gobble me, he so monst'us!"

Den I tu'n heel an' scrummidge away from dah, but I ain' scrummidge but a leetle ways w'en I mos' dab squah ag'in mahsuh comin' down de road.

"Whah yo gwan?" he holluh. "Waffo' yo' done scrummidge back dis hyuh way!"

I mighty skeeuht, but I tell mahsuh 'bout de monst'us big frog w'at sot me scrummidgin'.

"He mos' big as a piccaninny!" I say.

"Sho'!" he say. "Whah he is!"

"He seatin' on the big gum stump, down yon," I say.

"Come wiv me," he say. "We done cotch him fo' my dinnuh."

I trimble an' shivvuh lack a coon dog w'en de fros' tetch de 'simmons, but I mus' g'long wiv mahsuh, an' I done go, Fus' I hope de monst'-

us frog woan' be dah, he so spooky to look at; an' den I hope he will be dah, 'kase ef he ain' den mahs' he des' lack's not swat me an' say I done bean lyin' to get shet o' cotchin' frogs dat day. But he dah! Jicketty! An' he look big-guh'n evuh!

"My Ceasuh!" mahs' he say. "Dat a pow'-ful frog!"

Mahs' he bean gwan to de deep hole in de rivuh to dough ball de wattuh to fotch de jack-feesh bait in so de jacks came 'long attuh 'em, an' meck de feeshin' good, an' he teck a dough ball out'n he pocket an' toss it to de frog. De frog he gobble it, an' mahs' he toss nudduh one. De frog he gobble dat un, an' 'peahs lack he so fon' o' dem dough balls he done jomp fum de stump an' hop close to ol' mahs' on de sho', so he kin git de dough balls quickuh. An' dah he squat an' gobble dough balls till mahs' he done feed him all he got—mo' dan a quaht, suh—an' den de frog he leeck he chops, cock he big eye till he reckon mahsuh ain' done got no mo', an' den heave he shoulduhs, an' way he go, k'chug! in de rivuh, an' we doan' see him ag'in dat day.

"I done gwan to fat dat frog," mahs' he say, "an' bahmby I meck my dinnuh on he sad-

42 The Black Homer of Jimtown.

dles! I show him waffo' he gobble my dough balls!"

An' mahs' he go down dah mos' ev' day, an' de frog it bean dah to gobble de dough balls, an' bahmby it teck to foll'n mahsuh home, kase it so pow'ful fon' dem balls an' want mo'.

One day 'bout dat time Pudge Conklin he kim home fum de wah. He show ol' mahsuh a mighty fine gol' watch an' long chain, wiv lot o' nice tings danglin' to its tuduh end. He want to sell mahsuh dat watch an' chain, but Pudge he nevuh had a pow'ful good name round dah, an' mahs' he 'quiuh whah he geet dat watch an' chain.

"I ween it," Pudge he declah, "playin' kyahds in Newbu'n."

He tell de ting so straight dat mahs' he done buy de watch an' chain, an' meck young mahsuh Jim, he son w'at ten yeah ol' des' dat day, a birf-day present of 'em. Dey mighty fine, I tell yo', an' young Mahsuh Jim he pow'ful proud of 'em. Duh done bean some lettuhs inside de watch, but nobody dey din' know w'at dem lettuhs mean, an' dey doan' keeuh.

Nex' day mahs' he done go down whah de big frog kip heseff, an' de frog it skittuh home attuh

him to git mo' dough balls. We all bean use to de monst'us chap by dis time, 'cep' my ol' mammy, an' she kip' sayin' :

"I wahn yo', Mahs' McKeevuh ! I wahn yo' ! Dat frog done bean de fadduh of all dem plaigs of Idjipt yo' bean eatin' all dese hyuh months, an' he hain't humpin' heseff roun' hyuh fo' nuffin' !"

Dis hyuh day de frog done come 'long home wiv mahsuh, he doan' git no mo' dough balls. He hang roun', but mahs' he doan' give him none, an' de frog he git he back up desp'rites' kyine. Mahs' he weenk at Zim an' say :

"He fat enough, now. 'Bot t'mah I knock him in de haid an' feas' on he saddles. Um-m-m-m—um ! But dey des' gwan to be pow'ful fine !"

De big frog he bean squattin' on a stone by de rivuh, an' young Mahsuh Jim he standin' by him. De frog desp'rit mad. Mahsuh Jim he teck holt de eend o' he watch chain an' dangle de watch down 'fo' de frog's belgin' eyes, des' to aggumvate him. De frog he give one snap o' he monst'us jaws, gobble de watch lack it bean a dough ball, rise on he laigs, an' go k'chug ! in de rivuh, snatchin' de chain out'n Mahsuh Jim's

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han' an' teckin' all dat fine birfday present wiv him! Jicketty! But don' duh done bean a heap o' music roun' dat plahntation! Young Jim he mos' belluh he haht away, an' ol' mahs' he swah till de ol' tuckey gobbluh's red chops dey done tu'n blue! Mammy she sheck huh haid an' say:

"I done wahn yo! I done wahn yo'! Dat fadduh of all de plaigs of Idjipt w'at yo' bean eatin' ain't humpin' heseff roun' hyuh fo' nuffin'!"

But bahmby ol' mahs' he cool down, an' he say to Mahsuh Jim:

"Sho! Dis hyuh bean all right, honey! Dat frog only des' lose he tempuh 'kase he doan' geet no mo' dough balls. He doan' want dat watch an' chain. He fotch 'em back t' mah down yon by de big gum stump, an' we geet 'em. An' we done geet dat frog, too, by jicketty!"

But dat frog he doan' fotch dat watch an' chain back t'mah, no' de nex' day, no' de nex'. He nevuh fotch dat watch an' chain back at all, suh. An' ol' mahsuh he do swah pow'ful!

"I monst'us dis'p'inted in dat frog!" he say. "I done trit dat frog lack a king, so I do, an' I tink he gwan to be mighty tankful, but he tu'n out to be des' a common highway robbuh!"

But bahmby, one day, ol' mahs' he mighty sorry he tink dat a-way 'bout dat po' frog, fo' dat day Mahsuh Jim he go feeshin' fo' jack feesh down in de deep hole. He geet a pow'ful bite, an' he tink he nevuh will geet dat feesh to sho', it pull, an' swobble, an' heng back so. But attuh while Jim he lan' de feesh, an' he see suffin' shiny in its mouf. Jim he look, an' he see dat shiny ting done bean a gol' chain. He pull on de chain, an' jicketty! W'at yo' tink, suh? At the udduh eend o' dat chain he pull in a monst'-us big frog! One eend dat chain it bean in de jack feesh's gullet, an' t'udduh eend dat chain it bean in the frog's gullet. Mahsuh Jim he cut de frog, an' he fine de watch. He cut de jack feesh an' he fine de lot o' nice tings w'at done dangle at d'udduh eend dat chain!

"Whoop!" Mahsuh Jim he holluh, an' he skittuh home lack de wind an' show he fadduh. Ol' mahs' he mighty tickle 'kase Jim fine de watch an' chain, but he feel desp'rit bad 'kase he jedge dat po' frog an' call him a highway robbuh.

"Dat frog done bean hones', attuh all," he say. "He bean fotchin' dat birfdays present back, sho'ly, w'en dat hongry jack feesh see

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dem bright tings danglin' an' des' gobble 'em—
an' de frog cain't geet away an' des' bean
drownded! I pow'ful sorry I call him a robbuh!
An' I pow'ful sorry dem saddles o' his'n done
spile!"

But mammy she hold out.

"Yo' des ottuh he tankful in yo' haht to dat
jack feesh, Mahs' McKeevuh, fo' 'stroyin' dat
fadduh of all dem plaigs of Idjipt yo' done bean
eatin'!" she say. "Dat monst'us frog he done
have he eye on yo', suh! Yo' ottuh be tankful in
yo' haht fo' dat jack feesh."

Time it go an' go, an' Mahsuh Jim he grow to
be a fine young man, suh. Co'se, he doan' be
Mahsuh Jim no mo', kase de wah it sot us free,
but dat ain't no diffunce. He 'peah des' de
same, young Mahsuh Jim. An' den he fadduh
tink Jim he doan' have chance enough 'long de
Cape Fair, an' he sen' him to New York, whah
duh been mo' room. Jim he git 'long right
smaht up dah, an' fus' ting he know he done fall
in love wiv a rich man's daughtuh, an' she done
fall in love wiv him, an' huh fadduh he lack Jim,
an' say it bean all right, he kin have huh. Jim
he have dat watch an' chain yit, an' he tink de
wul' an' all of 'em. But he gal she teck a fancy

to 'em, an' Jim done give 'em to huh. She so tickle she call huh fadduh an' holluh :

“See fadduh, w'at Jim he done gimme !”

De fadduh he teck de watch an' chain, and he eyes dey begin to belge w'en he see 'em. He open de watch an' see de lettuhs on de inside. Den he holluh to Jim :

“Whah yo' geet dis hyuh watch ?”

“My fadduh done gimme it fo' a birfday present, dune de wah,” Jim he say.

“Den yo' fadduh's a damn tief !” de gal's fadduh he holluh.

Jim he cain't stan' dat, an' he jomp up, an' I done 'spec' he joggle dat gal's fadduh till he nevuh holluh no mo', only fo' de gal frowin' huh ahms roun' Jim's neck an' holdin' him an' huggin' him, an' pliddin' wid him. Den he tell de gal's fadduh how he fadduh got de watch an' chain, an' how he los' it an' got it back ag'in. Den de gal's fadduh he 'pol'gize pow'fulles' kyine, and say :

“I done git some bullets froo me dune a fight in de wah, an' tumble on de fiel', whah I cain't move a finguh, an' I tink I gwan to die, sho's I bo'n. Den some un kim along an' choke me desp'rit, an' yank off my watch an' chain, an'

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snick away. Dis hyuh de same watch an' chain, suh, an' I bet yo' a dolluh it bean dat man Pudge Conklin w'at done stole 'em."

An' Mahsuh Jim mah' de rich man's daughtuh, and dey bean happiest kyine o' folks ev' sence.

Dah, suh! I bet yo' nevuh did heah a feesh story so pow'ful queeuh as dat in all yo' bo'n days, an' I done 'spec' yo' heah'd oodles of 'em. Mahsuh Jim he live in New Yo'k yit, an' ef yo' evuh see him I bet yo' he tell yo' dis bean true w'at I tol' yo', ev'y seengle wu'd. Yo' gwan to see him w'en yo' go back? Well, Mahsuh Jim he doan' live in New Yo'k 'zac'ly. Not 'zac'ly. He done move out a ways. Califo'ny. Dat's whah he done move to. Califo'ny. Dah's whah yo' fine him, suh. Califo'ny.

PERSECUTED SANDY BUNN.

PERSECUTED SANDY BUNN.

The Black Homer Tells of Sandy's Trials and
Tribulations at the Hands of Unbelieving
Crushers of the Truth in the Cape Fear Country.

I 'SPEC' yo' done see Sandy Bunn up Norf ev' little while, suh? No? Sho! Dat's mighty queeuh! He up dah! Why, he bean up dah dese hyuh five, six yeah! 'Peahs lack yo' mus' see him, suh! Tall man? White whiskuhs all roun' he face? Lame in he lef' laig whah he mule kick him? 'Membuh him now, doan' yo', suh?—No? Sho! Cain't be dat dat fool nigguh des' natch'ly hidin' heseff yit, 'kaze he 'feeuhd dey attuh him to pussecute him? Dat's des' w'at he doin', I bet a bah'l o' tahpentine! But dey ain't attuh him. I weesh yo' tell Sandy so when yo' go back Norf, suh. Tell him I say so. Tell him dey tink yit dat he bean de monst'uses' liah evuh wuz long de Cape Fair

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Rivuh, but dey ain't attuh him no mo' to pussecute him. I done spec' it gwan to hu't him pow'ful to heah dey ain't got ovuh tinkin' he a monst'us liah, but I reckon it gwan to lift a heap offen Sandy's mind to heah dey ain't attuh him to pussecute him. So I weesh yo' des' tell him, suh. Tell him I say so.

Sandy Bunn, he done live a long time down yon on de Cape Fair. He live all by heself in a cabin w'at bean a right smaht one 'fo' de wah, but git mighty ramified sence. 'Peahs lack dat cabin des' natch'ly keflummux in a heap ef yo' doan' walk by it on yo' teep toes, it so wobbly, but it nevuh do ; an' it done stan' dah yit, suh, lack it boun' to show folks dey doan' know half so much dey done tink dey does. Sandy he live dah long time, an' somehow de white folks down dah dey pussecute him desp'rit. Um-m-m—umm! how dey do pussecute dat man! Dey doan' nevuh lay dey han's on him, but dey pussecute him wiv dey tongues, an' dat's de wusses' kyine o' pussecution. I 'membuh one time ol' Cap'n McKenzie he fine dat somebody snatchin' he wattuh melons out'n he field, an' he sot a watch dah. Dey seen a pusson snick in de field an' yank a melon. Dey chase de pusson, an' de

Persecuted Sandy Bunn. 53

pusson drap de melon an' run lack de ol' boy
bean on he heels. Dey cain't cotch de pusson,
but dey say dey 'cognize who it bean. An' w'at
dey done do? Dey go out se'nadin', an' dey
se'nade Sandy, an' dey sing dis hyuh pussecutin'
song :

“Some folks say nigguh woan' steal,
But we cotch one in a melon fiel'.
He drap de melon an' 'way he run
Lack nobody kin but Sandy Bunn.”

Co'se, dat mos' breck po' Sandy's haht, but he
bean pow'ful pious, an' he des' coodle down in
one co'nuh he cabin, and sheck he haid, an'
grieve to t'ink how dey kin cunjuh up setch
weekedness. An' he fo'give 'em, an' doan' nevu
say a wud back, suh. Dat's w'at he tol' me
many times. He pow'ful pious, Sandy wuz.
Pow'ful pious.

One time a man down yon on de Cape Fair he
cunjuh up de idee dat duh bean a heap o' money
in keepin' chickens, an' he tink he do it. Co'se,
he cain't do it wivout he pussecute Sandy Bunn
fust, an' he go to Sandy an' say :

“Sandy, I done tink I keep a right smaht o'
chickens.”

Sandy he say “Yes?”

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De man he say: "Yes. I want to keep a heap o' chickens, an' folks done tell me de bes' ting I kin do is to hiah yo'."

Sandy he know all 'bout keepin' chickens, an' he mighty glad to be hiahd, an' he tell de man so.

"Yes," de man he say. "Folks done tell me if I want to keep chickens I mus' hiah yo'. So I gwan to hiah yo'. I want to keep chickens, so I gwan to hiah yo' to move fum hyuh 'way down to de Peedee kentry."

Dat bean a desp'rit blow to po' Sandy. He mos' seenk froo de groun', dat pussecution bean so hefty. But he doan' say a wud. He des' go to he cabin an' rassel wiv he feelin's an' fo'give he pussecutuh. Dat's w'at Sandy done tell me many time.

But bahmby, suh, dey lay dey pussecution on Sandy so deep he des' cain't stan' it no mo', an' he pick up he feet an' shake de dust of de Cape Fair kentry offen 'em clean. One day I bean comin' 'long de road, des' up yon, an' udduh way kim a man lack he walkin' 'gin time an' done bean a right smaht bit behind it. Bahmby I know him. He bean Sandy Bunn, lookin' lack he pow'ful skeeuht.

Persecuted Sandy Bunn. 55

"Why, Sandy," I say, "Waffo' yo' scootin' 'long dis hyuh way so mons'us fast?"

Sandy, he say, "Kase I'se fleein' fum pussecution, suh! Dey done put de las' straw on de camomile's back, an' it bean mo' dan he kin tote! Stan' outen de way, brudduh! Doan' hinduh me! I'se fleein' fum pussecution, an' I'se monst'us feeuhd dat de pussecution is on hossback wiv a wah'nt fum de Squiuh! Stan' outen de way an' doan' hinduh me!"

Jickitty! how po' Sandy wuz joggled!

"Sho!" I say to him. "If pussecution is attuh yo' on hossback, it sho'ly run yo' down ef yo' keep de road! Des' yo' snick up in de wudes wiv me, an' when de pussecution gits along dis hyuh way, we kin wutch its hoss tote it by an' kin chuckle to see it!"

Den Sandy he 'peah mighty glad kaze I hinduh him, an' we snick up in de wudes an' hide. We ain't hahdly plunk down 'hind an ol' pine stump w'en 'long come dat pussecution, sho' enough, ridin' Cunnel Ray's best hoss. Zip! it scoot by!

"Who dat pussecution on Cunnel Ray's hoss?" I say.

"Dat bean Joe Feeny, de Cape Fair con-

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stable, an' I done spec' he got a wah'nt," Sandy he say.

"Wah'nt fo' who?" I say.

Sandy, he say: "Fo' me, I reckon."

"Jicketty!" I say. "Pussecution ain't nevuh chase yo' befo' on hossback wiv a wah'nt. Waffo' it rise up so desp'rit dis hyuh time?"

Sandy he say: "Kaze dey bean a disb'lievin' gen'ration o' vipuhs down yon on de Cape Fair! 'Kaze dey sco'n de troof an' want to cresh it! Dat's waffo' pussecution done rise up so desp'rit dis hyuh time!"

Yo' see, suh, des' de yeah 'fo' dat duh bean a mighty flood in de Cape Fair Rivuh. It rise an' it rise an' it rise till it bean mos' to de do' of Sandy's cabin. Dis hyuh w'at Sandy he tell me in de wudes whah we hide dat day. Night it kim 'long, an' de flood it keep risin', and Sandy he done shet heseff in de cabin, waitin' fo' de wuss. He teck down he ol' fiddle an' he play hymn tunes, 'kase he pow'ful pious, an' he doan' feah. Bahmby bang! bang! suffin' clattuh at de do'. Sandy he quit he fiddlin' an' holluh:

"Who dat bangin' at my do'? I know yo', suh! Dat yo', Mahs' Devil, comin' hyuh tinkin' yo' skeep me an' I quit fiddlin' de hymn tunes!

Go 'way fum dah! Yo' cain't skeep me, suh!"

Den Sandy he play mo' hymn tunes, an' bang! bang! bang! suffin' clattuh at de do' ag'in. Sandy he quit he fiddlin'.

"Sho!" he say. "Dat ain't de ol' devil! He nevuh wase he time bangin' at de do' if he want in. He des' natch'ly scuffle down de chimbley. Who dah?"

De suffin' it doan' say nuffin'—des' bang, bang de do'. Sandy he git up an' snatch de do' open. Den he mos' drap daid, 'kase dah stan' a monst'us big bah, up to he knees in watuh, an' des' dreppin' wet all ovuh. Sandy he done gwan to slam de do' in de bah's face, w'en he see setch a look in de bah's eyes it mos' meck him shed teahs. De bah it sho'ly say wiv its eyes dat it want get in de cabin or it be drowned in de flood.

"Yes," Sandy he say to de bah, "but doan' yo' spec' I know bahs? Ef I let yo' in, an' de flood it shrenk an' doan' teck de cabin an' us wiv it, den what? Yo' des' natch'ly tu'n an' snatch me bald-headed, lack yo' fo'fadduhs done do to po' ol' Uncle 'Lijuh! I know bahs, so I guess I shet yo' out in de flood!"

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But de bah it sheck its haid, an' criss cross its breas' free times dat it won't snatch Sandy, an' so he done let it in de cabin. It coodle down in a co'nuh an' go to sleep an' Sandy 'fiddle mo' hymn tunes. Free days an' nights dat monst'us flood it dash an' splash an' holluh 'bout dat cabin, 'fo' it shrenk away, an' den Sandy he ope de do'. De bah it rise up, sheck itself, and go 'way, lookin' so pow'ful tankful, Sandy he say, dat he mos' belluh he eyes out.

"I des' only weesh some o' dem pussecutin' folks see dat bah w'en it go way!" Sandy he say. "It des' shame 'em to dey dyin' day!"

Den dat yeah attuh de big flood de season it kim desp'rit dry 'long de Cape Fair. De co'n it all shrenk an' wiv'uh, an' folks dey doan' know w'at dey gwan to do. Sandy's co'n patch, so he tell me dat day, it all tu'n to dust, an' he pig it des' wase an' wase away an' stahv to deff, 'kase it doan' have nuffin' to eat. Sandy he set in he cabin waitin' an' waitin' to follow he pig, an' playin' hymn tunes on de ol' fiddle. He las' bit o' co'n meal done gone, an' he feel he boun' to be de same 'fo' many days. De night 'fo' he scheck de dust of de Cape Fair kentry offen he feet he sot in de cabin fiddlin' an' fiddlin'.

Bahmby bang! bang! bang! suffin clattuh at he do'. Sandy he keep right on fiddlin', an' holluh:

"Go 'way fum dah! I know yo'! Yo' bean po' ol' Mammy Jutkin comin' to baig me fo' a little co'n. Go 'way, mammy! Ef I put all de meal I got in yo' eye yo' nevuh feel it."

Dis w'at Sandy he done tell me dat day in de wudes. No mattuh who it bean at de cabin do,' dey doan' go 'way. Bang! bang! bang! dey clattuh de do' ag'in.

"I des' sot an' finish de tune I bean fiddlin'," Sandy he say, "an' den git up an' open de do. An' who yo' done spec' bean standin' dah? A big bah! De same ol' bah I save fum de flood las' yeah! Unduh one ahm he holdin' a nice fat shoat, an' unduh d'udduh one he holdin' a bag o' meal! 'Fo' I kin say a wud, he lie dat shoat an' dat bag o' meal on de do' step an' 'way he go 'fo' de wudes! Den I know I done frow my bread on de watuh w'en I save dat bah, an' hyuh it wuz fotched back a hundud fol', suh!"

Sandy he des nach'ly yanked dat shoat an' dat meal in de cabin, so he tell me, an' feas'es! U-m-m-m-umm! how dat man did feas'. An' den he mos' wo' he ol' fiddle to pieces playin'

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hymn tunes 'fo' he tomble in he bed. Nex' mo'nin' Sandy he bean eatin' he breakfas' offen some mo' o' dat bread he done frow on de watuhs de yeah befo', w'en de cabin do' it fly open an' in strut ol' Cunnel Ray. Dah lie he shoat on de cabin flo', an' dah lie de bag o' meal.

"Whah yo' done git dat shoat?" he holluh to Sandy. "Whah yo' done git dat bag o' co'n?"

"Why," Sandy he say, "dem bean bread I frow on de watuhs a yeah ago!"

Den Sandy he done tol' de Cunnel 'bout de flood an' de bah, an' how de bah bean so tankful he des' tote in dat shoat an' dat co'n. De Cunnel he give a snote lack a mad bull, an' swah an' swah till de cabin bean blue, an' den he 'gin to pussecute Sandy.

"Dat my shoat, an' dat my co'n!" he holluh. "Dey bean stole las' night, an' de bah w'at stole em an' fotch 'em hyuh is done gwan to bunk in Cape Fair jail des' as soon as I kin git a wah'nt fum de Squiuh!"

Den he resh outen de cabin. Sandy he see dat dey boun' to pussecute him to deff at las', an' he des' rise up an' sheck de dust o' de Cape Fair kentry offen he feet, an' flewed away. He

up Norf, now, an' 'peahs lack he hidin' yit, fo' feeuh dey attuh him to pussecute him to dis day. But dey ain't; an' w'en yo' go back I weesh yo' des' tell him so. But tell him dey hain't got ovuh tinkin' down yon dat he bean de monst'uses' liah dat evuh wuz 'long de Cape Fair Rivuh —an' dat' too bad, suh, fo' Sandy he bean pow'ful pious !

POLITE SIMSON COWLIP.

POLITE SIMSON COWLIP.

The Black Homer's Recollection of Simson Naturally Lead Him to Some Reference to Other Startling Products of the Piney Woods and the Cape Fear Country.

I DOAN' 'spec' yo' evuh did heah 'bout Simson Cowlip, w'at live down 'long de Cape Fair 'fo' de wah, an' bean so monst'ous pullite? Co'se yo' didn't! I des' natch'ly mowt know'd yo' nevuh did heah 'boat him, suh. Desp'rit pul-lite, he bean! Um-m-m-um! How pulli-i-i-te dat man bean! Pow'ful nice man, dough, Simson he bean. Pow'ful nice man. Yo' often heah 'boat folks bein' so very kyine dey won't hahm a fly, but Simson Cowlip he so ovuh-whemmin' kyine he jes' natch'ly won't even shoo a fly! Yes, suh! Dat's a fac', suh! Why, one time at dinnuh he wife say to him:

"Yo' Simson!" she say, "waffo' yo' doan' eat yo' pie? Ain' dat pie good?"

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“ Nev’ bean bettuh pie on top dis hyuh erf ! ”
Simson he say. “ But duh’s a fly on it, honey ! ”

Den he wife she say : “ Fly on it ? Dat doan’ hu’t de pie ! Shoo de fly away ! Shoo de fly away, an’ eat yo’ pie ! ”

“ Cain’t do it, honey ! ” Simson he say. “ Dis hyuh fly’s wife cain’t meck pie fo’ him, an’ he jes’ natch’ly inj’yin’ yo’s ! I cain’t shoo him away ! Bimeby he done go ’way he ownseff, an’ den I eat de pie, honey ! ”

Now ain’ dat des’ too mogrifyin’ fo’ dis hyuh erf ? But dat de kyine o’ man Simson Cowlip done bean. Too pullite. Too monst’us pullite. Why, w’at you t’ink ? I see him mo’n a heap o’ times, suh, bare he haid an’ bow de geeses into de bahn ! Fac’, suh ! Geeses dey bean mighty funny creetuhs. Ev’body know dat. Sometimes all day dey try to git froo a knothole in de fence w’at dey cain’t even git dey bills froo, an’ den dey bob dey heads goin’ froo a bahn do’ so high dat a giant kin walk in it ’dout tetchin’ de top ! An’ many, many time I see Simson Cowlip, w’en he bean standin’ by de bahn do’, an’ a geese it come up an’ bob its haid to git in, teck off he hat an’ bow to it, an’ to nex’ geese, an’ to nex’ geese, till he done bow de hull flock o’ geeses in

de bahn, he so monst'ous pullite! Sho! W'at a-yo' t'ink o' dat, now? Ain' dat been pow'ful queeuh, suh? But I done see him do it heap o' times! Heap o' times!

Plainty bahs down in de Cape Fair kentry dem days. Plenty of 'em, suh. 'Fo' de wah. Desp'rit ugly bahs, too. Fight teel dey die, an' lookin' fo' fight all de time, suh. All-l-l de time. Simson Cowlip he doan' keeuh fo' dem bahs. Poof! W'at he keeuh fo' dem bahs? He great bah huntuh. One time, des' when he pow'ful busy plahntin', 'long kim as hiny young chap w'at say he kim all de way fum V'ginny, an' want to hunt an' feesh. Simson he so monst'ous pullite he des' quit he plahntin' an' tote dat chap 'roun' wiv he bes' hoss, days an' days. Den Simson he say to de shiny chap:

“How yo' lack to keel a bah, suh?”

Dat shiny chap he say he lack dat desp'rites' kyine. So Simson he teck him oat in de wudes to keel a bah. Dey hunt an' hunt, an' bahmby Simson he push up a pow'ful big bah. De bah it back up 'gin a gum tree an' gnash he teef an' poun' he ches', an' des' mowt as well holluh to Simson dat he dah him to peetch in. Simson he could keel dat bah right dah, suh, wiv one

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shot, but sho ! dat won't be pullite to he guest, de shiny chap. De shiny chap he spludgin' 'roun' in de wudes up de rivuh, an' Simson he holluh to him :

“Would yo' please be so kyine as to come dis hyuh way, suh ?”

Dat's w'at Simson he holluh, an' de shiny chap he kim wollupin' down whah Simson bean facin' de bah. He doan' see de bah, but he kim up close to Simson. Simson he smile, teck off he hat, bow to de shiny chap pullites' kyine, p'int to de bah, an' say :

“Attuh yo', suh !”

Den de shiny chap he look an' see de bah. He tu'n de colluh o' w'itewush. He lift one yell out'n heseff, an' I done 'spec' setch a desp'-rit yell nevuh wuz heeuh'd, suh, 'long de Cape Fair Rivuh, nevuh befo' no' sence, suh ! He done lif' dat yell, he drap he gun, an' 'way he scrumble fum dah lack de Ol' Boy heseff kick him in end ! Simson he have he hat in he han' yit, an' he back bent yit wiv dat pullite bow. He so pow'ful s'prise at de onpulliteness o' de shiny chap dat he bean frow cleah off he gahd, an' 'fo' he git it back ag'in dat ol' bah wuz clawin' an' chawin' an' scrummagin' him all ovuh,

suh! Bowleg Jeff Pool, he choppin' in de wudes on de yon side de Cape Fair, an' he heah de onpleasantness. He wobble ovuh dah, an' he say dat ef he didn't git dah des' de time he do, an' squash dat bah's haid in wiv he ax, dah wouldn't bean 'nough o' Simson lef' fo' de Cah-nuh's inques' to set on, suh! As it bean, dey haf to tote Simson home on a stretchuh, an' he done stay in he bed free weeks. Den he ask fo' de shiny chap, an' dey tell him fo' de fus' time dat de shiny chap done gone away long ago, in de night time, an' teck one o' Simson's hosses wiv him, an' nevuh come back no mo'.

"W'ich hoss?" Simson he say.

Dey tell him, "De gray geldin'."

"Oh!" he say, "dat bean monst'ous shameful! Why," he say, "de gray geldin' it lame in bofe its hin' laigs an' its fo' laigs, desp'rites' kyine, an' dat po' chap he done gone away t'inkin' I onpullite 'nough to leave a lame hoss dah a pu'pose! Oh, dat monst'ous shameful!"

Seems to me, suh, I nevuh see or heeuh 'bout a man dat bean so pow'ful pullite as Simson Cowlip bean. Nevuh, suh!

An' dat dah done mind me dat dahkies dey

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bean pow'ful skeeuht o' bah. Doan' 'spec' yo' know de reeson, suh? Co'se yo' doan'. De reeson dahkies so pow'ful skeeuht o' bah is dat dey's full o' de idee dat duh ain' noffin' bahs is so desp'rit fond o' doin' as to chaw off niggus' heels, suh! If yo' skimmish roun' hyuh a right smaht, suh, an' don't miss any p'int, bahmby I bet yo' be sayin' to yo'se'f: "Sho! Hain' some o' dese cullud folks's laigs sot a desp'rit sight fo'wuds on de hoof?" I bet dat's wa't yo'd be sayin', suh, 'cause natch'ly dat's jes' w'at yo'd see. I'se built a heap on dat plan myse'f, suh. Bressed ef I kin tell yo' w'at's de use fo' all dat heel! I nevuh knowed 'cept one time when it 'peah'd lack dat heel might a ben put on de dahky fo' business, an' dat time de 'speriment didn' wuck, jes' 'cause de dahky w'ut owned de heel didn't know 'nuff not to make a hog o' hese'f, suh. A heap o' cullud gemmen bean tossin' pennies, suh—dem great big coppuh ones we use to have. Dey bean tossin' so pow'ful, suh, dat fus' along mo'n couple dozen pennies rollin' roun' on de groun' at one time. Sam Cheste-field he didn' des' happen to have no pennies to toss, an' he prancin' roun' countin' heads an' tails, an' mixin' hese'f up in de game mighty

'fishus. I nevuh did see setch a desp'rit lot o' flesh layin' on de hind side of a nigguh's foot as Sam Cheste'field frowed back frum his—nevuh, suh! Bimeby dem pennies dey took to shrinkin', an' dey shrink an' dey shrink, till bahmby dey cain't find no mo'n 'bout a dozen to toss wiv. Den Shacky Dillin'ham he cock he eye an' sheck he haid an' say:

"Sho's yo' bo'n, gemmen," he say, "dah's a nigguh hyuh w'at's got tah on he heel!"

Den all de dahkeys dey tu'n up dey feet, 'cept Sam Cheste'field, an' he 'gin to aidge away, suh. But dey cotch him, an' w'at yo' tink, suh? Sam he have tah on he heel, an' twelve o' dem big pennies bean stickin' in it, suh, snug as kin be, wiv plenty room fo' de uddah twelve, suh! Bress me! but Sam Cheste'field he did have a pow'ful heel! Ef a bah evuh chaw dat heel off o' Sam's foot, it be like cuttin' a dog's tail off des' 'hind his ears, suh! But w'at good dat heel do Sam? Not a speck, suh, des' 'kaze he make a hog o' hese'f, an' ritch out to git all dem pennies, 'sted of wobblin' off wiv twelve when he hab de chance, suh.

Yes, suh. Dat's why dahkies so desp'rit skeeuht o' bah. Dey's full o' de idee dat bahs des'

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natch'ly won't do nuffin' else if dey kin git to chaw niggs' heels.

Reckon I bettuh tell yo', suh, 'bout how crackinacious bahs dey done bean, down dis hyuh way. De bahs o' de Drownin' Creek kentry, dey hog bahs. De bahs down yon in de Cape Fair kentry, dey co'n bahs. De bahs way up yon in de mountain grass kentry, dey sheep bahs. An' de hull caboodle of 'em, suh, hog bahs, co'n bahs, an' sheep bahs, dey jes' natch'ly de devil's own! Pow'ful bad beas'es. Pow'ful bad!

Waffo' dey call 'em hog bahs, an' co'n bahs, an' sheep bahs? Dat's des' w'at I done gwan tell yo', suh. 'Zac'ly w'at I done gwan tell yo'. Drownin' Creek bahs, dem call hog bahs 'kase dey steal hogs. Cape Fair Kentry bahs, dem call co'n bahs 'kase dey steal co'n. Mountain grass kentry bahs, dem call sheep bahs 'kase dey steal sheep. Waffo' Drownin' Creek bahs steal hogs? 'Kase dey done like hogs bett'n anyt'ing else? No, suh! Waffo' Cape Fair Rivuh bahs steal co'n? 'Kase dey done like co'n bett'n anyt'ing else? No, suh! Waffo' mountain grass kentry bah steal sheep? 'Kase dey done like sheep bett'n anyt'ing else? No,

suh! Den waffo' dem bahs do dem t'ings?
Des' 'kase dey de devil's own, dat's why, suh!

Des' yo' listen hyuh, suh. I tell yo' suffin'.
De po' man down yon in de Drownin' Creek
kentry he done 'pen' on he hogs to he'p him froo
de wintuh. He doan' rise no co'n to sell much.
Des' 'nough fo' hominy wiv he hog. He kin
sell hog an' buy co'n. Po' man on Drownin'
Creek he lose he hog he lose a heap, suh. Po'
man in de Cape Fair kentry he done 'pen' on he
co'n mos' of all, kase he rise a heap o' co'n, an'
sell it, an' buy po'k if he want to. But he 'pen'
on he co'n pow'ful to help him froo. Po' man
up yon in de mountain grass kentry he done
'pen' on he sheep, an' he kin buy co'n an' po'k,
too. Dem bahs dey done know all dat, suh, des'
as well as de po' mans do. Den w'at dey do?
Drownin' Creek bahs dey steal po' man's hogs.
Cape Fair kentry bahs dey steal po' man's co'n.
Mountain grass kentry bahs dey steal po' man's
sheep. Drownin' Creek bahs steal po' men's
hogs des' so he cain't sell hogs to buy co'n.
Cape Fare bahs steal po' man's co'n so he cain't
sell co'n to buy hog. Mountain grass kentry
bahs steal po' man's sheep so he cain't sell sheep
to buy co'n an' hog. Dat's why. If Drownin'

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Creek po' man he rise sheep, den Drownin' Creek bahs dey steal he sheep. If Cape Fair po' man rise hogs, Cape Fair bahs dey steal he hogs. If mountain grass kentry po' man rise co'n, mountain grass bahs steal he co'n. Dey pow'ful bad beas'es! Yo' bettuh look out fo' 'em, suh. I done tol' yo'!

Now yo' des' see w'at dey do, suh. Dey in cahoots, dem bahs is. It des' dis-a-way, like. Maybe long time ago de Cape Fair kentry bahs dey say to de Drownin' Creek bahs an' de mountain grass kentry bahs :

“Look-a hyuh,” dey say, “po' man rise heap o' co'n in Cape Fair kentry. Yo' know dat?”

An' de udduh bahs dey say, “Reckon so!”

Den Cape Fair kentry bahs dey say, “Po' man rise right smaht o' hogs on Drownin' Creek, don't he?”

An' Drownin' Creek bahs dey say, “Huh, huh! Oodles of 'em!”

Den Cape Fair kentry bahs dey says : “Spec' it pow'ful nice po'k.”

An' de Drownin' Creek bahs dey smack dey chops an' say: “Um-m-m—um! Sweet as honey, suh!”

Den de Cape Fair kentry bahs dey say : “Po'

man, he rise pow'ful fat sheep in de mountain grass kentry, don't he?"

An' de mountain grass kentry bahs dey say :
"Des'prit fat !"

Den de Cape Fair kentry bahs dey say,
' Look-a-hyuh. Yo' Drownin Creek bahs yo' des' gevvuh in de po'k crap in yo' kentry, an' we Cape Fair kentry bahs we des' reap de co'n crap down dah. Den we swop yo' co'n fo' po'k, an' yo' swop us po'k fo' co'n, an' we bofe us swop co'n an' po'k to de mountain grass kentry bahs fo' sheep, an' dey swop us sheep fo' co'n an' po'k, an', by jicketty ! we all live highuh dan nigguhs chawin' simmon fed possum ! Um-m-m-um !"

An' de Drownin' Creek bahs an' de mountain grass kentry bahs dey smack dey chops an' hol-luh :

"Wow ! Dat's de palatinest ting we evuh did heah ! We done do dat, sho's yo' bo'n !"

An' dey done do it evuh sence, suh ! Dey pow'ful bad beas'es ! Dey de devil's own !

Now listen, suh ! W'at I gwan tell yo' I nevuh did see myseff, but I heah 'bout it, an' Squiuh Blue he done see it, an' he say so. So nobody dey cain't say : "Sho ! Dat jes' a lie

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piece out'n de story books, dat's all!" No, suh! Dey cain't do dat, 'kase Squiuh Blue he done see it, an' he say so. Dis hyuh de way it bean. Squiuh Blue he rise mighty fine hogs in de Drownin' Creek kentry, an' dem bahs dey he'p deyseffs to he hogs monst'uses' kyine. Dey mighty smaht, dem bahs, and Squiuh Blue he des' cain't set he eyes on 'em, nohow, fo' longest time he evuh see. Den bimeby he cotch a big ol' bah totin' off one o' he shoats, an' he push de bah so pow'ful hahd de bah drap de shoat an' done scoot.

"Yi, yi!" Squiuh Blue he say. "Bimeby I gwan to let yo' have dis hyah shoat, Mahs' Bah, but wain yo' git him I git yo' suh! I done tol' yo'!"

Den Squiuh Blue he sen' way up in de mountain grass kentry an' get a big bah trap. Den he go 'way out in de wudes, whah he mighty sahtin dat ol' bah lives, an' he take de shoat wiv him. Den he make a pen wiv logs, an' he set de trap in de pen, an' he tie de po' shoat so he lay nigh de trap, and nobody evuh tink dat ol' bah' kin git dat shoat wivout de trap git de ol' bah.

"Dah!" Squiuh Blue he say. "Dah's a nice fat shoat fo' yo', Mahs' Bah! Yo' des' come git

him, den I come git yo', an' stretch yo' ol' hide on my fence ! Dat's w'at I done do, suh ! ”

Den he go home, chucklin' pow'fullest kyine, he feel so good 'kase he done gwan cotch de ol' bah. Two, free days he go out in de wudes to git de bah. He snickin' up to de pen, w'en he see a big bah snickin' up too. De bah have heap o' co'n in he ahms, an' he go in de open side de pen. Den Squiuh Blue he snick up close an' peek froo de chink, an' he see suffin' he nevuh did fo'git, suh. Dah de ol' bah w'at he sot de trap fo'. Dah de trap, tight shet like it nevuh did be sot. Dah de po' shoat, tied des' lack de Squiuh done tie him. Dah a big heap co'n on de groun', ah' dah de udduh bah chuckin' he ahmful on de heap. De ol' bah w'at de Squiuh done sot de trap fo', he look de heap o' de co'n all ovuh, an' den he nod he haid to udduh bah, an' udduh bah he pick up de trap an' shoat an' 'way he go, p'intin' fo' de Cape Fair kentry. Squiuh Blue he des' natch'ly pick heself up an' scoot 'way from dah, he so pow'ful skeeuht, an' he nevuh say a t'ing, suh, till he git safe home in he house, den he holluh :

“Mighty Gabr'el !” he holluh. “Dem ain' bahs ! Dem devils !”

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W'at yo fink o' dat, suh? Ain' dat desp'rit? But dat ain' de all of it. Joe Yandle he a po' man down yon in de Cape Fair kentry. He rise co'n on he plahntation, an' de bahs dey keep a reapin' he crap so pow'ful much, he des' git him an ol' gun, an' he load it, an' he tromp, tromp up an' down he plahntation, an' peppuh de bahs w'en dey come snickin' roun' attuh he co'n. De bahs dey try to skeep him 'way, but dey cain't do it, an' one day a pow'ful big bah he des' come squah at Joe an' pitch in to tah him all to pieces, but Joe he peppuh a hole clean froo de bah, an' attuh dat de bahs dey done fight shy o' Joe's co'n fiel'. Joe he chuckle, 'kase he tink he skeer de bahs so dey done got 'nough o' him, but he tromp he plahntation wiv he ol' gun des' de same. One day he trompin' froo he co'n fiel' an' he see a pile o' shucks on de groun' an' he haul off an' kick it. Snap! suffin' go in de shucks, an' Joe he des' stan' still an' holluh like a bull at a beefin'. Waffo' Joe he holluh? He done been cotch in a bah trap, dat's waffo' he holluh! Den two big bahs dey resh out'n de high co'n, an' des' gwan to tah Joe all to pieces, 'kase he done fas' in de trap, but Joe he peppuh a hole froo one dem bahs mighty quick, suh, an' scrunch

udduh bah's haid wiv he gun, an' slash he froat wiv he knife 'fo' de bah know w'at done drap on him! Joe he holluh so loud dey hear 'im 'way to de house, an' come an' pry him out'n de bah trap. Squiuh Blue he heah 'bout dis hyuh, bahm-by, an' den he know. Dat bah wiv de co'n w'at he see de day he snick to de bah trap in de pen, dat bean a Cape Fair kentry bah come up to de Drownin' Creek kentry to swop co'n fo' po'k. He fum Joe Yandle's plahntation. He done see de bah trap, an' des' natch'ly want it, so dey kin cotch Joe, an' he strike up a swop fo' de trap, too, an' tote it back an' set it fo' Joe! Sho! Dem bahs de devil's own! Yes, suh! Dey pow'ful bad beas'es! You bettuh look out fo' em, suh! I done tol' yo'!

POOR BEAR'S BAD BROTHER.

POOR BEAR'S BAD BROTHER.

The Black Homer Tells why He Weeded out corn
Instead of Going Fishing, Although Mahs' Mc-
Keever Said He Might Go, and the Fish were
Biting Like Everything.

I BEEN des' a pickaninny yit, an' one day I
say to Mahs' McKeevuh :

"Mahsuh, 'peahs lack I want to go feeshin'
mighty bad dis evenin'."

Mahs' he say, "Is de feesh bitin' wuff yo'
w'ile?"

"Um-m-m-m!" I say. "Nobody kin 'membuh
suh, when feesh been bitin' so strenuous!"

"Sho!" mahs', he say. "Whah dey bitin' de
bes'?"

"'Way down yon whah de rivuh bend, suh, in
de black hole," I say.

"Huh, huh!" mahs' he say. "I doan' spec'
yo' got bait enough to cotch des' one little red
mullet!" he say.

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"Jicketty!" I say. "I done got bait enough to catch a whale, suh!"

Den mahs' he ponduh in he mind a w'ile, an' bahmby he say:

"Co'se you done heah 'bout de bah w'at doan' do nuffin' but des' lay in de woods down by de black hole in de bend, waitin' to gollup anything w'at he kin lie he han's on? Co'se yo' done heah 'bout dat bah."

"Mighty Gabr'el!" I say, "I nevuh do heah nuffin' 'bout dat bah!"

Den Mahs' McKeevuh he done look at me right smaht, an' bahmby he say:

"An' doan' yo' nevuh heah 'bout dat bah's po' brudduh, neiduh?"

"No, suh," I say. "Is dat bah's brudduh down dah, too?"

"Co'se he ain't!" mahs' he say. "How kin he be down dah w'en he been daid dese yeahs an' yeahs? Sho! I reckon I bettuh tell yo' 'bout dat bah's brudduh, 'kase he been a Cape Fair kentry bah, an' dey pow'ful smaht. Some day maybe yo' have 'sperience wid Cape Fair kentry bahs, an' den yo' be on yo' gahd 'gin 'em."

Den mahs' he done tell me. 'Peahs one time

duh bean a schoolhouse in de woods on de Mc-
 Keevuh plahntation, an' mahs' he git a mighty
 nice young gal from 'way up on de Tah Rivuh to
 titch dat school. Dat gal's name it done bean
 Jane Chippendale, an' fum w'at mahsuh say I
 reckon she bean pow'ful peeuh. She live heah,
 an' she live dah, an' she live yon, 'kaze folks dey
 say dat gal she too nice to shine on des' one
 family all de hull time, an' so some time she
 boun' to teck pow'ful long walks 'fo' she git to
 the place whah she livin'. A monst'us big bah
 bean ramificatin' round dat kentry des' 'bout dat
 dah time, stealin' pigs an' cuttin' up didoes, an'
 nobody bean smaht enough to cotch him. Jane
 Chippendale she doan' know nuffin' 'bout dis
 hyuh bah, an' de bah he doan' know nuffin' 'bout
 Jane Chippendale, till one day Jane she bean
 gwan home fum school down to Squiuh Cam-
 mun's, whah she livin' den, an' des' she glidin'
 by de ol' field pine lot, on de aidge o' de planta-
 tion, she heah suffin' squidjle in the bresh, an'
 'fo' she kin tu'n to look an' see w'at done do de
 squidjlin', out in the road kim a bah, wiv de
 brussels on he back riz up, an' he eyes snappin'
 lack dey done have fiah in 'em. Jane she bean
 so skeeuht she stan' dah lack she bean glued to

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de groun', an' she cain't even holluh. De bah he stop an' tu'n he eyes on Jane, an' jicketty! de snap it done quit he eyes dat minute, an' he brussels dey drap flat on he hide.

"He des' give a gasp an' a gulp," Jane Chipendale she say when she tell 'bout it, "an' rise squah up on he hind feet an' gleam at me wiv one eye. He rise up he han's des' lack he done bean so 'stounded he cain't b'lieve he own eyes. Den," Jane she say, "I see de bah's haht go plunky, plunky, 'gin he chist, des' lack it boun' to jump out'n dah, he bean scrimmaging froo de bresh so fast, I reckon," Jane she say.

But young Mahsuh Sam Cammun he know a heap bettuh'n dat. He know dat bean des' 'zac'ly de way he own haht done plunky plunk 'gin he chist fus' time he see dat little Janey, an' de way it done keep plunkin' ev' time he t'ink 'bout huh sence. But no diffunce. Dat bah he stan' dah an' gleam at Jane mo'n two minutes, wiv he haht a plunkin', and den Jane she 'membuh she hav huh lungs wiv huh, an' she des' t'un 'em loose. 'Peahs lack dat transmogrify de bah. He scootle ovuh de fence, but he frow sheep's eyes at Jane all de time, so she do de-clah. Den Jane she des' skittuh by lack de

win', but cain't he'p frowin' huh eye back bahmby, an' dah she see dat bah whah he done clumb on de fence, suh, gleamin' attuh huh, wiv bofe he paws lyin' right whah Jane done see he haht plunkin' in he chist! Den Jane she skittuh on, an' w'en she git down in de holluh whah she t'ink de bah cain't see huh no mo', she stop an' look back. An' w'at yo' t'ink, suh? Dah she see de bah, in de top of a big daid tree, gleamin' attuh huh yit, an' his paws dey done bean squeeze tight ag'in he chist, suh! Dat bah scrooch in dat tree yit when Jane scoot in Mahsuh Cammun's house, but when she look out'n de window de bah bean gone.

Co'se, ev'body dey know dis hyuh bah bean de one w'at bean scrummagin' roun' de plahntations so long, an' when Jane she heah de slam-bacious t'ings w'at dat bah done do, she mighty skeeuht 'bout gwan to huh school nex' mo'nin', but young Mahsuh Sam he teck he gun an' go wiv huh, so he kin kill dat bah if it kim out dat a-way ag'in. But de bah doan' show heseff, an' Mahsuh Sam he done go back home wiv he haht plunkin' 'gin he chist wussuh dan evuh. But when Jane she glide 'long dat way to de plantation attuh school dat evenin', dah de bah ag'in!

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Dis time he keep 'way ovuh in de ol' field, but he gleam at Jane, an' press he paws 'gin he chist, an' roll an' scroll he eyes, Jane she do declah, des' lack a dyin' calf. Jane she doan be skeeuht lack she bean d'udduh time, but she scoot by, an' when she look back, dah de bah on de fence, gleamin' attuh huh; an' when she git down in de holluh, dah de bah up in de tree, holdin' he paws 'gin he chist, des' lack he keepin' he haht from plunkin' out o' dah!

Nex' day all de folks dey lie fo' dat bah in de ol' field wiv guns, so dey kin wuffle him down wiv lead ef he 'peah dah on parade fo' Jane, but he doan' 'peah. Jane she glide on by whah de men dey lyin' fo' de bah, an' fo' she done gone fah, dah de bah, suh, sho's you bo'n, peekin' out at huh fum de bush, wiv he paws on he chist! So bahmby folks dey see de bah boun' to act so lack a gemman, an' doan' lie roun' dah to chaw de peeuh little schoolma'am, an' bean so took up wiv huh dat he give de pigs a rest, dat dey doan' was'e dey time no mo' lyin' fo' him wiv guns. An' Jane, she doan be feeuhd o' de bah no mo', but 'peahs lack she mighty tickled to see him waitin' fo' huh, fus' in one place, den in annudduh, nevu comin' nigh huh, but always

gleamin' at huh like a dyin' calf, an' holdin' he haht down wiv he paws. Ev'body dey teck to teasin' Jane an' jokin' huh 'kaze a bah des' natch'ly tumble haid ovah heels in love wiv huh —ev'body but young Mahsuh Sam Cammun, an' he swah an' swah dat de fus' t'ing dat bah know he done git he soft pate knocked off. But somehow Mahsuh Sam he nevuh did 'peah to go an' teck de job he ownseff.

Now dey bean some desp'rit scrunchy folks down dah, an' Jane Chippendale she done fine de pickin' mighty slim sometimes whah she boah'd. Bahmby she git to one o' dem dah places, an' folks dey say :

“Po' Janey. She des' natch'ly stahve to deff dah ! Dey doan' nevuh have nuffin' dah but co'n pone an' 'lasses, an' 'lasses an' co'n pone ; an' dey nevuh do have much o' dat !”

But w'at yo' t'ink, suh ? Fus' mo'nin' attuh Janey bean dah, ef dey doan' fine on de do' step the nices' hunk o' juicy ven'son w'at evuh did be sliced fum a buck or a doe.' An' w'at else yo' t'ink, suh ? Bah tracks dey done lead fum de woods to dat do' step, an' bah tracks dey done lead 'way fum dat do' step to de woods ! An' dem bah tracks dey bean so monst'us big

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dat folks know duh ain't no bah kin meck 'em but dat singacious bah w'at lose he haht ovuh de little schoolma'm ! An' all de time Janey she done boa'd dah dat bah keep de house in ven'son, and Janey she des' live on de fat o' de lan ! An' dat pestuh folks de desp'uttes' kyine, 'kaze it spooky, suh ! It spooky !

Well, suh, dat plunkin' o' Mahsuh Sam Cammun's haht it doan' plunk fo' nuffin', suh, 'kase bahmby folks dey see dat Jane she kyine o' like it, an' one day Jane she say she gwan to quit de school, 'kaze she gwan to marry Sam. 'Peahs lack de bah doan' heah nuffin' 'bout dat, 'kaze Jane she see him heah an' dah an' yon, peekin' at huh wid dem dyin' calf's eyes an' holdin' he haht in he chist. Sometimes he stay all day high in de wild bullis grapevines back de school-house, peekin' at Janey, an' she doan' tell nobody, 'kase she doan' want folks to shoot de bah.

Den de day it kim when Janey an' Mahsuh Sam dey gone gwan to be married. Dey ridin' to de preachuh, an' 'way up 'long de road Janey she done see de bah, and de bah he ain' got no eyes des' den fo' nobody but Janey, and he look soft at huh, an' hold he chist. Den bahmby he see Mahsuh Sam. An' den he see Janey she all

in huh white dress, an' huh ribbons flyin an' she des' a-beamin' on Sam, an' Sam des' a-beamin' on huh. Den dat bah he know. Janey she done declah she nevuh did see setch a t'ing as de way dat bah done look out'n he eyes des' ef de hull wul' it done tu'n dark an' dreary! Janey she do declah it mos' meck huh weep big teahs. De bah he poun' he chist an' 'way he scuffle in de woods. Des' little w'ile attuh dat Mahs' McKeevuh say he bean gwan by de schoolhouse an' he heah a sloshin' in de wild bullis grapevines back dah. He go in dah, an' w'at yo' t'ink, suh? 'Way up in de vines hang dat bah. He done twis'a vine roun' he neck an' drap out'n de tree, an' dah he hang, suh, kickin' he las' kick.

"He des' natch'ly done kill heseff fo' love," Mahs' McKeevuh he say. "Dat's all. He a mighty smaht bah, but jicketty! w'at a sapanacious fool he done bean! An' dat savage ol' bah down dah by de black hole in de bend o' de rivuh he bean dat po' bah's brudduh come hyuh to des' 'venge him! Dat's w'at he done do," mahs' he say.

Den Mahs' McKeevuh he look at me right smaht ag'in, an' he say:

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"Sho! Why, yo' bean fattuh dan a 'simmon-fed possum!" he say. "I nevuh do see setch a fat little nigguh lack yo'! An' I des' bet yo' bean tenduh as a chicken! Whew! How dat po' bah's brudduh done gwan to smack he lips an' chuckle when he see yo' feeshin' down dah in de black hole! Um-m-m-m—um! how he done chuckle! Why, sho'ly yo' kin go feeshin'," mahs' he say, "ef yo' bean sho' yo' done got bait enough, an' dat de feesh dey bean bitin'. Co'se yo' kin go feeshin'," mahs' he say.

But den I des' happen to t'ink how dat co'n done need weedin' out, 'kaze de weeds dey growin' mighty rank, an' I feel monst'us guilty dat I doan' go he'p weed dat co'n 'stid o' t'inkin' 'bout mopin' on de rivuh bank wiv a ol' feesh pole, an' I say to mahsuh:

"Yo' very kyine, mahsuh, but 'peahs lack I bettuh he'p weed out dat co'n, suh."

Mahs' he grin an' say dat bean all right, an' I skittuh fo' de co'n field. Des' fo' I git dah I look back, an' I see mahsuh totin' de feesh pole an' de bait he ownseff, an' p'intin' straight fo' de black hole.

"Jicketty!" I say, "Mahs' McKeevuh done bean de bol'est man I evuh did see! I des' bet

he gwan down yon to kill dat ol' bah. He mighty kyine man, mahsuh bean," I say.

I he'p weed de co'n all day, an' mahs' he kim back dat evenin', totin' a heap o' jackfeesh w'at he done cotch, but he doan' have de coccuss o' dat monst'us ol' bah. Bahmby I say:

"Di'n de ol' bah joggle yo', mahsuh?"

"He done peek out o' dem woods!" mahs' he say, "but I reckon he t'ink I too ol' an' tough, an' he skeeuh'd o' me."

Den mahs' he look at me an' chuckle ovuh de way he done fool dat ol' bah, an' he tell me I kin git some mo' bait an' go feeshin' down dah nex' day, but I bean so busy wiv de co'n dat I can't git away, an' I nevuh did see de vengeful brud-duh o' dat po' bah w'at done kill heseff fo' love. Doan' dat be too monst'us bad, suh?

THE SELFISH GOBBLER.

THE SELFISH GOBBLER.

A Story by the Black Homer, Showing Tow Greed
is Sure to Over-reach itself, and How Much
Better it is to Share with Your Fellows, even
though They may Not be in Your Set.

HE chillun an' he chillun's chillun might be livin' dah yit, I reckon, if dat ol' gobbluh didn't have trouble wiv an ol' bah w'at come snoopin' roun' in dah. Dat gobbluh an' he fambly have nicest kyine o' pickin' in dat timbuh. Um-m-m, um-m-m! w'at nice pickin' dat ol' tucky an' he fambly have! Ac'ons, aco'ns, aco'ns—heaps an' heaps of 'em; an' wil' grapes! Sho! Wil' grapes jes' natch'ly clim an' kink an' twis' 'em-se'fs 'mongst dat timbuh, an' ritch out dis a-way, dat a-way, dis a-way, dat a-way, till it 'peahs like dey goin' to hug an' squeeze dat big timbuh jes' 'bout to deff wiv joy, dey so pow'ful glad dey livin' in dah! But dat ol' tucky gobbluh he done

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t'ink it ain't 'nough fo' him to be jes' a tucky, an' he set heseff up to be a hog, too, an' he overritch heseff. Desp'rit sight, he did, suh ! Desp'rit sight !

Monst'us cur'us, too, waffo' dat ol' gobbluh be so seffish, 'kase he mighty good to he wife, an' wil' tucky gobbluhs w'at don' lick dey wives, suh, dey's pow'ful scahce. 'Tickly w'en dey wives is gwan to hatch dey aigs. Den de gobbluhs dey git mad an' ugly as a nigguh wiv he head full o' pine-top rum, suh, an' kick an' pick an' joggle dey wives 'round till de po' wives dey wush dey daid, an' snick away an' hide dey seffs whah dey husban' can't fin' 'em, so dey kin lay dey aigs an' hatch 'em. But dis hyuh ol' gobbluh he doan' do dat a-way. He mighty kyine to he wife w'en she hatchin', so it monst'us cur'us he so pow'ful seffish.

One day he drap he big wings on de groun', an' swull up he ches', an' turn all he blood into he w'iskuhs, an' stret roun' an' roun', to show he wife w'at a pow'ful gran' chap he been, whah she sot on de nes', hatchin' a new fambly. Bimeby he quit strettin', an' say to he wife :

"Ise gwan ovuh yon," he say, "to scratch up some las' yeah's aco'ns fo' mah dinnuh," he say,

"an' see wuvvuh de grape vines is buddin' right smaht," he say.

He wife she say: "All right, suh," an' he went.

De ol' gobbluh he scratch up an' pick aco'ns till he craw 'mos' bustin', w'en he heeuhd a scrunch in de groun' hehin' him, an' a noise, way down in somefin's froat, w'at say:

"Boo-o-o-o-f! Boo-o-o-o-f!"

De gobbluh mighty skeeuht, an' fly up on a limb. Den he look down, an' see an' ol' bah an' two teeny cubs. Dat make de ol' gobbluh des-p'rit mad, an' he holluh:

"Hyuh, yo' t'ievin' bah! W'affo' yo' come snoopin' roun' hyuh, rootin' up mah aco'ns? Bimeby I 'spec' yo' be attuh mah grapes, too! G'way fum hyuh, bah! Dis hyuh's mah plahntation, suh! G'way, I tell yo'!"

Den de ol' bah des' natch'ly lay back an' lahf an' lahf, an' de teeny cubs dey mos' tickle dey-seffs to deff. Bimeby de ol' bah say:

"Sho', Mahs' Gobbluh! Ain' yo' 'shame yo'-seff? Why, dah's mo' aco'ns layin' roun' hyuh dan all de bahs an' tuckeys dah is anywhah' mos', could eat in a yeah!"

"Doan' keeuh fo' dat, suh!" de gobbluh he holluh. "Dis hyuh's my plahntation! Doan' want

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no t'ievin' bahs loafin' on it, suh ! G'way, I tell yo' ! ”

Den de ol' bah lay back an' lahf an' lahf mo'n evuh, an' de teeny cubs dey des' mos' couldn' hol' deyseffs, dey so tickled. Den de ol' bah root up a heap o' aco'ns an' chomp 'em, an' cock she eye up an' say :

“ Dese mighty fine aco'ns, Mahs' Gobbluh ! Mighty fine, suh ! ”

Den she lahf some mo', an' root an' chomp, an' lahf some mo', an' root an' chomp, till de ol' gobbluh he des' natch'ly git so pow'ful mad he riz up an' plink down squah on de bah's back. An' he monst'us heavy, dat ol' gobbluh, suh, an' mos' knock de breff clean out dat bah w'en he light. But de bah cotch she breff, an' done kick an' growl an' snap, an' try to sheck de gobbluh off, but de gobbluh he clutch de bah's wool mighty deep wiv he long toenails, an' scrunch 'em down in de bah's meat till she squeal, I tell yo', suh ! An' he peck at de bah's eyes wiv he sharp bill, an' hammuh her wiv he big wings till she gevvuh sheself up an' meck tracks mighty fas' 'way from dat plahntation, de ol' gobbluh clutchin' de bah' meat clean to de backbone, an' peckin', and holl'n :

"I tol' yo' to g'way f'um mah plahntation, yo t'ievin' bah! I meck yo lahf on udduh side yo' ugly chops! Reckon yo' won' come rootin' up mah aco'ns mighty soon ag'in!"

De ol' gobbluh he joggle de bah dat a-way fo' mos' a mile, an' de teeny cubs dey tumble 'long behind, squealin' an' whinin', an' mos' wushin' dey bean daid. Den de gobbluh he let loose an' fly up in a tree, an' lahf an' holluh, an' holluh an' lahf, till de ol' bah an' de teeny cubs los' f'um he sight in de timbuh. Den he go home an' tell he wife how he whup de ol' bah, an' he frow he blood in he w'iskuhs an' swell he ches', an' stret an' stret an' stret.

Bimeby de ol' bah she stop an' flop down an' wait fo' de cubs. W'en dey cotch up she pant awhile an' say:

"Chillun, dat ol' tuckey cock de mos' monst'us seffish crittuh on de face o' dis wide erf! But nevuh min', chillun! Yo' mammy git even wiv dat tuckey 'fo' she die! Min' w'at I tell yo'!"

Den de ol' bah tell de cubs to come along, an' she go to a big holluh tree whah she secon' cousin, Mahs' Coon, he liv wiv he fambly. Mahs' Coon he home, an' de ol' bah she say:

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“Mighty glad to see yo,’ Cousin Coon!”

Mahs’ Coon he say he mighty glad to see he Cousin Bah, an’ bimeby dey sen’ de coon chillun an’ de bah chillun out to play, an’ de ol’ bah she tell de coon how de seffish ol’ tuckey gobbluh joggle huh an’ muss huh up.

“Bress my soul!” de coon he say. “‘Ise pow’ful ’stonished!”

“Yes, suh!” de bah say. “Dat’s w’at dat seffish crittuh done gwan an’ do to me, suh! Does yo’ know dat gobbluh?”

“’Deed I does, Cousin Bah!” de coon he say. “Mighty fine neighbuhs dey am, too! De ol’ gobbluh’s wife she des’ staht in yis’d day to hatch her fambly.”

“Dat’s joyful news, Cousin Coon!” de bah say, an’ grit huh teef, and look desp’rit ugly. “Am de gobbluh fon’ o’ he wife?”

“Um-m-m—um-m-m!” de coon he say. “A heap, I tell yo’!”

“Am de wife fon’ o’ dat hatchin’?” de ol’ bah she say.

De coon he say: “Pow’ful, pow’ful, Cousin Bah! Breck her haht if she lose dem aigs. She drap daid, sho’ly! An’ de ol’ gobbluh too, I reckon!”

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Den de ol' bah she grin an' she grin, an' de way she talk 'way down in huh froat make de coon's blood tu'n desp'rit col', suh.

"Now we git even wiv dat ol' gobbluh!" de bah say: "Yo' mus' snick dem aigs, Cousin Coon!" she say.

"Bress yo' haht!" de coon he say. "I cain't do dat! Dem tuckeys good neighbuhs to me, Cousin Bah! Mighty fine neighbuhs! I cain't breck dey hahts dat a-way! 'Deed I cain't!"

"Blood am tickuh dan wahtuh, Cousin Coon!" de bah say. "Yo' mus' snick dem aigs!"

But de coon he mighty sly, an' he doan' say nuffin' fo' a spell, an' den he say: "I done tell yo' de troof 'bout it, Cousin Bah," he say. "I'se des' watchin' out fo' dat hatchin', 'kaze I ain' mighty fon' o' aigs, an' my fambly ain', but we'se mighty fon' o' young tuckeys. So I'se des' keepin' an eye skinned on dat hatchin', so's w'en de ol' gobbluh's new fambly comes 'long I kin des' natch'ly snick 'em. Dat's de troof, Cousin Bah, so I cain't snick dem aigs, doan' yo' see?"

Now de troof bean, suh, de coon he try to snick dem aigs only dat mo'nin', but de gobbluh's wife she holluh, an' de gobbluh come an' give de

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coon setch a jogglin' 'fo' he could git away dat it bean monst'us wond'ful dat he git away at all, suh. He want de aigs mighty bad yit, but he doan' reckon he'd try to snick 'em ag'in, Cousin Bah or no Cousin Bah. Dat bean de troof, an' so de coon des' natch'ly lie pow'ful hahd to de bah.

W'en de ol' bah heah de coon say why he won't snick the aigs, she des' crunch her teef an' swah! Jicketty, how she did swah! An' she holluh :

“Yo' des' as monst'us seffish as de tuckey gobbluh!” she holluh, an' den she haul off an' she sw-a-a-a-t dat coon! Um-m-m-um—m-m-m! how she do swat dat coon! She lif' de coon off he feet, an' he nevuh lan' ag'in till he sail away mo'n ten yahds, suh, an' tumble in de bushes! Den de ol' bah she holluh to her chillun, an' 'way dey done went. De coon's wife she scam-puh out an' fotch him in, an' t'ink he a daid coon, sho'ly, but bahmby he come to heseff, an' say he wish to de lan' o' goodness dah nevuh bean any tuckey aigs no' Cousin Bahs in de wide, wide wuld.

De ol' bah she hunt up a holluh log an' snuggle de cubs in it an' tell 'em to take a snooze, an' she go fo' a walk. Bamby she come to a

big pine tree, an' she rise up to scratch huh mahk on it, an' gnash de bahk; like bahs does, suh. She scratch an' she gnash an' meck de bahk an' de wood fly, till bahmby she fin' her paws pow'ful sticky, an' when she put 'em on de groun', sho! she 'mos' stick fas' dah, suh! She skeeuht, an' she look up at de tree what she scratch an' gnash it. Juice runnin' out dat tree stiff as tah, suh. Dat bean a tahp'ntine tree, but de bah doan' know dat, an' she bean des' gwan to run away fum it, she so skeeuht, w'en suffin' meck huh stop an' considuh. She doan' considuh mo'n a minute, w'en she des' lay down an' lahf an' roll an' holluh.

"I git even wiv dat ol' tuckey gobbluh now!" she holluh, an' she rise up an' gnash dat tree till de bahk an' de wood fly off clean fum de groun' high up as she kin ritch, an' de stiff juice resh down like rain. Den she dig a hole in de groun' mo'n a foot squah an' deep as a dish pan, an' lahf an' hug sheseff like she crazy, an' watch de juice tumble down an' fill de hole.

Mahs' Coon, back in de holluh tree, he git ovuh he swattin' bahmby, an' staht out fo'a walk. He heah a noise, an' snick up whah it am, an' peek-in' out fum 'hind a stump, he see de ol' bah gnashin' away at de tree.

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"Jicketty!" he say. "Dah's Cousin Bah w'at swat me!"

He watch an' he listen. He heah de ol' bah say she git even wiv dat tuckey gobbluh now, an' he heah huh say she kivvuh up dat hole full o' tah juice wiv leafs, so it look des' like de natch'l groun', an' den she gwan to lay a trail o' aco'ns to it, an' put aco'ns roun' it, so de ol' gobbluh he teck de trail an' come 'long right to de hole o' tah juice, step on de leafs, an' squash! dah he be, cotch in de tah, an' he cain't git away!

"Den I come roun' hyuh dis evenin' an' have tuckey for suppuh!" de coon heah de ol' bah say. "I git even wiv dat seffish ol' gobbluh! Yum, yum!" she say, an' smack huh lips.

Den de bah she go back to de gobbluh's plahn-tation to staht de aco'n trail, an' de coon he des' lay back 'hind de stump an' sheck heseff a lahfin'. Den he scoot back home. He tell he wife suffin', an' she lahf and holluh, an' den he call one o' he chillun an' tell dat chile suffin', an' de chile he done run off fas' in de woods one way, an' de fadduh he run nudduh way. De chile he run to de log whah de ol' bah snuggle her cubs, an' he wake 'em up an' say:

"I know whah duh's a honey tree," he say.
 "Come 'long an' he'p lick it."

One cub he say no, but udduh one he say he go, an' he do. De fadduh coon he run to whah de ol' tuckey's wife bean settin' on de nes'. Ol' gobbluh he dah, too, an' he des' gwan to plink heseff on Mahs' Coon an' joggle him, w'en de coon he hol' up he han's an' tell de gobbluh w'at de ol' bah gwan to do to him, an' how he done gwan tu'n de tables on huh. De gobbluh he des' dance, he so tickle, an' he wife she snickuh a pow'ful lot, an' dey bofe go 'long wiv de coon to see de fun. Dey git to de tahp'ntine tree an' des' hide, w'en 'long come de coon's chile an' de bah's cub. De weeked young coon he show he little cousin de juice on de tree, an' tell him to lick de honey. De po' little bah he step up mighty peauht, an' sink down in de hole an' dah he stick. He wiggle an' squeal an' try to pull heseff out, but he fas' dah as if he grow dah. An' de coons an' de tuckies dey des' lahf an' holluh. Bahmby de coon he say:

"Sh-h-h! Dah comes de ol' bah, layin' her aco'n trail!"

Den dey all shet dey moufs an' keep still as moles. De ol' bah she come 'long, drappin' huh

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aco'ns, an' w'en she got to de tree an' see huh chile cotch in de trap she sot fo' de gobbluh, she mos' drap sheseff. Den de tuckies dey fly up on a limb an' holluh at de ol' bah, an' lahf an' chuckle at huh till she des' natch'ly mos' go crazy, she so mad, an' she yank an' tug at de cub till she git him out de hole, cuff he eahs good, an' snick wiv him 'way in de woods. De tuckies lahf an' holluh so much dey doan' notice dat Mahs' Coon he ain't dah no mo ; an' dey staht fo' home tickled mos' to deff. W'en dey gits home de gobbluh's wife she go to squat on de nest, but she des' give one yell, suh, an' tumble ovuh daid ! Deaigs done gone, suh ! De gobbluh's wife's haht des' broke, suh, an' she die daid ! De ol' gobbluh, w'en he see de nest empty an' he wife daid, he des' butt he haid wiv all he might ag'in a big gum tree, an' fall down by he wife's coccus ! An' de weeked Mahs' an' Missus Coon dey snug in dey holluh tree, snick'in' an' snick'in', 'kaze dey got the aigs !

De ol' bah, w'en she git to de log an' chuck huh cub in, she so pow'ful mad she staht out to git even wiv de tuckey gobbluh, wevvuh or no. She slosh right along fo' he home, an' git dah des' as de ol' gobbluh he floppin' on de groun'.

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“Ho! ho! Mahs’ Gobbluh!” de ol’ bah chuckle. “I reckon I des’ natch’ly teck de title to dat plahntation o’ yo’n now, suh!”

An’ he chomp de ol’ gobbluh’s haid clean off, suh, an’ had tuckey fo’ suppuh, anyhow.

A VANISHED HEAP OF GOLD.

A VANISHED HEAP OF GOLD.

How Mahs' McKeever's Gallant Father, as the
Black Homer Recalls It, Lost Untold Riches
and a Bride Through the Amazing Conduct of
a Passing Cloud.

How high yo' reckon dem dah clouds bean, up
yon, suh? Mile or mile an' half? Huh! huh!
I reckon so. An' duh doan' bean nuffin' de-
ceivin'some 'bout 'em, neiduh. An' duh doan'
bean t'ick an' heavy. Any one kin see dat dem
bean clouds, easy 'nough. It bean pow'ful mis-
fo'tunous fo' Mahs' McKeevuh dat dey doan'
have setch clouds lack dem down in dat Mexico
kentry. Pow'ful misfo'tunous, suh! Mahs'
McKeevuh he mowt bean de monst'uses' riches'
man in No'th C'lina, suh, if he fadduh doan'
tu'n to an' lose a heap o' gold down in dat
Mexico kentry, one time dune de wah we done
have wiv dem Mexicos. But Mahs' McKeevuh

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he nevuh do 'peah to keeuh 'bout it one teeny mite, suh, an' he only des' laugh an' snickuh w'en he done tell 'bout it, lack it bean des' nuf-fin' but a pow'ful good joke. I nevuh do see de lacks o' dat man, suh! He wun'ful! How fuh yo' spec' dat Mexico kentry done bean, suh? 'Spec' it bean fuh as de Peedee kentry? What! Fudduh dan dat yit? Mighty Gabr'el! Whew! Dat des' natch'ly mos' knock me breffless! Fudduh yit dan de Peedee kentry! Why, man, dat mus' be mos' to de udduh aind de wul'! Sho! Dat done squinch me fo' sahtin', suh! Yeahs an' yeahs I bean t'inkin' maybe I go down to dat Mexico kentry some day an' skrimmidge roun' dah, an' maybe I bean peeuh enough to fine dat heap o' gold w'at Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh done lose. Jicketty! Den I kin come back hyuh an' be des' natch'ly de skilurieuses' citizen in de hull piney woods! But now duh ain' no use. Dat Mexico kentry bean too distantatious fo' me. Fudduh yit dan de Peedee kentry! Whew! Why, dat mus' be mos' to de udduh aind o' de wul, suh!

I done spec' fum all de mighty tings I heah my ol' mammy an' Mahs' McKeevuh tell about him, Mahs' McKeevuh's faddah mus' bean de

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fightines' man w'at evuh stomp he feet an' holluh. If duh doan' be no wah an' bloodshed w'at he kin git he hand in, den it 'peahs lack he des pine an' pine, an' declah de wul' it ain' no kyine a place to live in nohow. One day, time I bean des' a pickaninny, I say to my ol' mammy:

"Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he mus' bean a mighty sojuh man, mammy."

"Sojuh man!" my ol' mammy she say. "Why he doan' nevuh bean a sojuh man! He bean a Majuh in de ahmy, chile, an' rode a hoss! Sojuhs dey doan' hef to ride a hoss! Dem mans on hossback, dey ain't sojuhs. Dey bean Gen'ls an' Cunnels an' Majuhs. Sojuhs dey doan' haf to ride hossback, chile, riskin' dey life by de hoss r'arin' an' frowin' 'em off an' steppin' on 'em an' breckin' dey bones. Sho! Sojuhs dey des' walks de groun', an' dey doan' haf to do nuffin' only des' tote a nice shiny gun, an' a monst'ous big wahm blanket, an' a right smaht o' kittles an' tin cups, an' a box strap to dey shoulduhs, des' to kip dey balance so dey kin tromp easy. Bress yo' haht, chile," my ol' mammy she say, "dem dah mans on hossback dey haf to sleep nights in hot tents, dey do, w'ile de sojuh he kin mahch up and down, up an'

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down, right in front o' dem dah tents, all de night long, whah he kin breave de fraish aiuh o' heaven, an' see de stahs twinkle an' twankle in de sky, an' heah de owls an' de tree toads sing, an' des 'joy heseff de pow'fulles' kyine. Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh bean a Majuh in de ahmy, chile," my ol' mammy she say. "He doan' bean no sojuh!"

But he bean a mighty fightin' man, an' time dat wah wiv dem dah Mexicos it kim along, Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he des' stomp an' holluh, he so pow'ful tickled, an' he scramble on he hoss an' dash away to dat Mexico kentry to cut an' slash and dye heseff red wiv blood, an' dat wun'ful man bean mo'n sixty yeah ol', suh! Jicketty! 'Peahs lack I dreamin', time my ol' mammy done tell me dat. But he done dash away to Mexico an' he fowt an' fowt. I heah my ol' mammy say dat dem Mexicos dey bean de coldes' blooded folks in de hull wul', an' I spec' Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh stan' knee deep in dey blood so long dat he cotch he deff o' cold, kaze he kim back home mighty po'ly, an' bimeby he done die. But he have time to tell 'em 'bout de tings he done do down dah, an', jicketty! wat mighty tings dey bean! Dey des'

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natch'ly meck yo' haiuh stan' straight on yo' haid lack a po'cupine's fedduhs, suh! An' he done tell 'em dis hyuh 'bout how he lose dat heap o' gold.

"'Peahs lack dat Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh bean cuttin' and slashin' down dah, an' he fine heseff in a place whah duh bean mountains an' mountains, an' mountains dat rise mos' lack de walls of a house, suh, dey bean so steep, an' mountains dat poke dey haid clean froo de clouds, suh, dey bean so high, an' he kin see eagles flyin' 'roun', 'way up dah, whah dey have dey nests. An' he fine heaps o' Mexico gals dah w'at he do declah bean han'some as pictuhs.

Dem dah gals, he say, dey look attuh flocks o' sheep, an' w'at yo' t'ink, suh? Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he done tumble haid ovuh heels in love wiv one o' dem gals! Yes, suh! Ef he do be a mighty fightuh, an' boun' to cut an' slash, he have a tenduh spot somewhah in he haht, suh. Yes, suh! Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he done tumble haid ovuh heels in love wiv dat Mexico gal. Mind yo', suh, Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh done bean a wid'wuh. Oh, yes! An' dat dah Mexico gal she tickled 'mos' to deff an' tu'n to an' tumble in love wiv Mahs' McKeevuh's

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fadduh, too, so she do declah. All de time w'en he doan' be out cuttin' an' slashin', Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh be settin' down unduh de trees whah dat dah Mexico gal she watch huh sheep, so de eagles dey woan' swoop down an' tote de lambs to dey nests, 'way up in de mountains, 'bove de clouds. One day she p'int to de top o' one o' dem monst'us high mountains an' she tell Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh dat one time, long, long befo' huh gran'fadduh bean bo'n, suh, a king have he hidin' place up dah, an' dat he done kivuh up tons an' tons o' gold up dah, an' all dat gold it done lie hid up dah yit, des' fo' any one dat bean peeuh enough to climb de mountain an' git it. Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he glim he eye up de side o' dat mountain an' see it liftin' it haid 'bove dem clouds, mo'n a mile away, an' he declah to de gal dat he wouldn't dig he way up dah not fo' all de gold duh bean in de wide wul'.

"Anyhow," he say to dat dah Mexico gal, "yo' done bean all de traizhuh I want!" he say, "Yo' wuff mo' to me dan any gold mine kin evuh be!" he say.

Doan' dat des' about kill yo', suh? Do yo' evuh heah de lacks o' dat? An' it des' tickle

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dat dah Mexico gal mos' to deff, so she git kyine o' keeuhless watchin' de sheep, an' fus' t'ing she know, swoo-o-o-sh ! down drap an eagle fum de sky an' gobble a nice fat lamb, an' swimpuh 'way wiv it to'ds de mountain top, des' as ea-e-e-e-sy ! An' dat lamb bean dat Mexico gal's pet lamb, w'at she so pow'ful fon' of dat it des' breck huh haht w'en she see de eagle swimpuh'n up, up, up wiv it to'ds he home on de mountain top, an' she des' scream an' holluh, an' scream an' holluh, an' declah she die, she know she do, ef she doan' git dat lamb back fum dat monst'us eagle. Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he fold dat gal in he ahms an' he cheeuh huh up an' he say :

"I git yo' dat dah lamb back !" he say. "I done chase dat eagle to he nest an' squabble him till he tongue hang out," Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he say.

Den he grit he teef, an' snatch he swo'd an' dash to de mountain to climb it to de eagle's nest, an' winch dat lamb away an' squabble de monst'us robbuh till he tongue hang ont. An' w'at yo' tink, suh ? Dat dah mountain bean de same mountain w'at have de king's heap o' gold hid in it, 'way up dah 'bove de clouds, an' wat Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh do declah he nevuh

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will dig he way up, not fo' all de gold in de hull wide wul' ! Jicketty ! An' dah he des going to cut an' slash he way up dat steep mountain, des' to git back dat Mexico gal's pet lamb. Did yo' evuh, suh ? Did—yo'—evuh ? Des' ef it doan' be no mo' to climb 'way 'bove de clouds an' cotch an eagle, suh, dun it bean to co'nuh a chicken in de bahnyard an' gevvuh it in !

Up an' up dat mountain dat wun'ful man cut an' slash he way, ovuh de mighty rocks, an' 'cross de monst'us gulleys w'at gap dey black moufs to gollup him down dey froats, chasin' dat dah eagle. De eagle it ritch de clouds an' punch an' winch its way froo, till Mahs' McKeevuh's fad-duh he cain' see it no mo', but he cut an' slash an' dig up on dat eagle's trail. An' bahs dey woosh out o' dey dens an' gruzzle at him, an' resh to kill him ; an' panthuhs dey drap down fum de tree-tops an' scrunch at he froat ; an' wolves dey yell an' sniff an' toggle at he heels, but Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he des' cut an' slash wiv he trusty swo'd, an' plunge it froo a bah's haht dis a-way, an' slosh a panthuh's win'-pipe dat a-way, an' slit a wolf open hyuh, an' slit 'nudduh wolf open dah, an' skit 'nudduh wolf open yon, till dem feeuce wile beases dey glim-

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muh an' dey gruzzle, and dey weevuh an' dey wavuh, an' dey wunnuh w'at dis hyuh pow'ful t'ing it be w'at cut an' slash an' scattuh em to de winds an' sen' dey blood reshin' down dat dah mountain lack a flood!

Up an' up dat mountain Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh cut an' slash he way, scattuh'n he paff wiv bah an' panthuh an' wolves, till bahmby he ritch de clouds. He nevuh did see setch clouds lack dem. Dey bean so monst'us heavy an' hahd dat he cain' do nuffin' but cut he way froo 'em wiv he swo'd—chip, chop, chip, chop, des' lack he nogglin' a gum tree wiv a ax w'at ain' got no aidge on it. Jicketty! w'at a desp'rit time Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh do have, chippin' an' choppin' he way froo dem deh clouds! Doan' he know dat Mexico gal's lamb bean down de froats o' dat eagle's fambly long befo' dis? He spec' maybe dat bean so, but he boun' to fine out, an' squabble de eagle anyhow and all he fambly.

Bahmeby, Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he done git a hole chop froo dat dah cloud, an' he pull heseff up an' fine heseff mos' to de haid o' dat mountain. He cut an' slash he way on up, an' dah on de very tip-top he see a ol' daid tree, an'

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on dat tree sot de eagle. Squah at de foot o' dat daid tree dah lie de lamb! De eagle ain' kill an' eat dat lamb yit, suh, but des' roostin' dah gloatin' ovuh it, an' waitin' fo' he mate to git dah 'fo' dey fall to and squench it. Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he resh up to'ds de tree. De tree it sot up on a ledge, an' de eagle it 'skivvuh him an' swoop down at him lack it t'ink it done gwan to wipe him from de face o' de lan' wiv one resh. But Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh's tresty swo'd it flash in de sun, an' glide froo dat eagle fum he wizzen to he tail, an' dat eagle nevuh did know w'at lamb done tase like ag'in. Den Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he 'gin to scrumble up dat ledge to git de lamb. He grab a bush to help him rise, w'en, bim! de bush it pull out, an' de rocks dey 'gin to fall, an' Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he have to jomp, I tell yo', suh, or he bean kivuh wiv 'em lack de babes in de woods! An' w'at yo' t'ink he see den? Dah, in de ledge, stan' a pow'ful big hole, an' dat hole it bean piled des' as full o' gold, suh, as it kin be crammed in dah! Um-m-m—um! How dat hole bean jammed an' crammed an' slammed wiv gold!

“Huh!” Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he say.

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"Ef dah ain' dat ol' misuh king's traizhuh, sho's I bo'n! I reckon it's done gwan to be mine attuh dis hyuh!" he say.

De Mexico gal's pet lamb it clim' down an' jine Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh, an' bean des' tickle to deff. Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he mighty tahd, an' so he t'ink he lie down an' teck a nap 'fo' he load heseff up wiv gold, an' he stretch heseff down on de aidge of a big rock w'at lie on de face o' de mountain. He nevuh did know, suh, how long he sleep, but w'en he weck up an' stretch heseff an' rub he eyes an' look 'roun' to teck a look at de hole whah de gold bean jammed an' crammed, sho! dey ain' no hole dah! He look dis a-way, dat a-way, an' he 'skivvuh dat he ain' on de mountain w'at he done cut an' slash he way up, an' he cain' tell w'at mountain he done bean on. De lamb, dah it bean lyin' by he side, but whah de big rock w'at dey done lie on? Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh look roun', an' dah he see dat big rock standin' out in de aiuh mo'n fifty yahds away, an' a floatin' on fudduh an' fudduh. W'at yo' t'ink, suh? De big rock w'at Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh an' de lamb lie down to teck a nap on it doan' bean no rock at all, suh. It bean a de-

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ceivin'some cloud, an' it done float an' float away, an' some time lan' 'em on 'nudduh mountain, whah dey weck up! Ain' dat monst'us? 'Peahs lack I nevuh do heah nuffin' so monst'us as dat!

But Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he doan' stay dah an' moan. He got de lamb, anyhow, an' he staht down dat mountain to fine he way back to whah dat Mexico gal live, an' meck huh happy. But 'peahs lack dey bean toted on dat dah cloud a heap o' miles fum dah, an' Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh nevuh do fine he's way back fo' mo'n two weeks, suh. When he git dah at las' he skittuh to whah dat Mexico gal watch huh sheep. She doan' be dah.

"Whah she is?" Mahs' McKeevuh say to huh mammy.

"Oh, she done git mah'd yiste'day," huh mammy say, "an' go to 'nudduh paht de kentry, suh!"

Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he swah till he do declah de kentry roun' dah smell pow'ful wiv sulphuh, an' den he resh out froo de kentry ag'in an' cut an' slash an' stan knee deep in dat col' Mexico blood till de wah bean ovuh. Den he kim home an' bahmby he die. It bean mighty

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misfo'tunous fo' Mahs' McKeevuh, suh, dat dey doan' have setch clouds lack dem up yon down in dat Mexico kentry, 'kase den he fadduh woan' lose dat heap o' gold, an' Mahs' McKeevuh bean de riches' man in No'th C'lina, suh.

Fudduh yit dan de Peedee kentry, huh? Mighty Gabr'el! Dat mus' be mos' to de ud-duh aind de wul', suh!

THE JUG OF LIVE-FOREVER
WATER.

THE JUG OF LIVE-FOREVER WATER.

How Mahs' McKeever's Father's Grandfather
Got it From a Thousand-year-old Indian, and
How its Virtues Escaped Him and Passed to a
Decrepit Mule that Now Roams the Earth, a
Never-Dying Methuselah Among Mules.

"I RECKON yo' been scrimmidgin' 'round de kentry, heah an' dah an' yon, a right smaht o' yo' time, suh?" said the Black Homer.

The Northern man replied that he traveled about quite a bit; yes.

"Den I bet yo' mus' a-see somewhah dat evuh-livin' mule o' Mahs' McKeevuh's, sho'ly! I ain' nevuh see dat mule my ownseff not fo' mos' fo'ty yeahs, but he boun' to have de same swullin' on he jaw, an' de same tail rubbed off so nigh he hams dat it ain' no bigguh dan a nickel's wuff o' twis' plug tobacco, an' de same

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string halt in he off hine laig. But he woan' look a minute olduh, suh, 'kaze he cain't look no olduh, but he look so aged dat ef yo' see him I bet yo' des' up an' declah, suh, dat he a twin brudduh to de mule dat Balaam bean ridin' time it s'prise him by speakin' to de angel! Co'se yo' done see dat mule somewhah in yo' scrimmidgin' 'bout de kentry, suh?"

The Northern man said he had never seen the mule.

"Dat monst'us queeuh!" exclaimed the Black Homer of Jimtown. "It bean mos' fo'ty yeahs sence I sot eyes on dat dah mule my ownseff, but he boun' to be wand'n' on de face o' de lan' somewhah, suh! He cain't help heself! Mighty queeuh yo' hain' nevuh see dat mule in yo' scrimmidgin'."

But the Northern man insisted that he hadn't seen the mule, nevertheless. The Black Homer mused again, and by and by said:

"I weesh yo' only done bean down yon in de Cape Fair kentry 'fo' de wah, suh. Den yo' kin know Mahs' McKeevuh, an' heah him talk 'bout tings. Jicketty! He bean de mos' wunful man w'at evuh do live, 'peahs to me! But co'se he cain't help dat, 'kase he fadduh an' he

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gran'fadduh an' he fadduh's gran'fadduh dey all bean monst'us wun'ful folks, too."

The Black Homer of Jimtown paused and mused again. Then he said:

"Ef it doan' be fo' de man w'at own dat evuh-livin' mule, suh, Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh's gran'fadduh an' gran'mudduh dey bofe be livin' to dis hyuh day, chippuh an' peeuh as goobuhs, so dey would, an' dat wand'n' mule he be daid dis hyuh hund'd an' fifty yeahs an' mo'!"

There must have been a look on the Northerner's face that the Black Homer interpreted to the disadvantage of his amazing statement, for he said quickly:

"Yo' reckon dat bean mighty queeuh, huh? Well, suh, Mahs' McKeevuh done say dat, an' Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh he done say it, an' my ol' mammy she done say it! Now w'at yo' gwan to reckon 'bout it, suh, attuh dat?"

The Northern man declared that he had no idea of reckoning anything at all about it, after that citing of authorities, and the Black Homer nodded his head decisively and said:

"Dat des' w'at I done reckon yo' gwan to reckon, suh!"

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Then he looked up at the clouds awhile, and by and by continued :

“ ‘I spec’ I bettuh tell yo’ ’bout dat, suh, des’ to clarify yo’ mind, an’ den I bet yo’ weesh yo’ ownseff dat yo’ done been down yon in de Cape Fair kentry befo’ de wah. Long time befo’ de wah it ’peahs to me lack dat mule been old enough to die long ago, an’ I say to Mahs’ McKeevuh :

“ ‘Mahs’ McKeevuh,’ I say, ‘waffo’ dat dah mule livin’ ?’

“ Mahs’ McKeevuh he cock he eye down at me an’ he grin an’ he say :

“ ‘Dat dah mule livin’,’ he say, ‘kaze he cain’t he’p heseff ! Ask yo’ mammy ’bout dat dah mule,’ he say, and Mahs’ McKeevuh he grin pow’ful.

“ Den I done ask my ol’ mammy, an’ w’at yo’ tink ? I fin’ out dat de mule kim to de Cape Fair kentry ’long wiv Mahs’ McKeevuh’s fadduh’s gran’fadduh, suh ! An’ I fine out dat ef it doan’ be fo’ de man w’at fust own dat mule den Mah’s McKeevuh’s fadduh’s gran’fadduh an’ gran’mudduh dey done bean livin’ to dis hyuh day, suh, an’ dat wand’n’ mule o’ mine it done bean daid dis hyuh hund’d an’ fifty yeahs or mo’ !

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“Maybe yo’ mowt heah befo’ dis, suh, ’bout folks dat bean huntin’, yeahs an’ yeahs an’ yeahs ago, to fine a spring ’way down in Flah’dy somewhah, an’ dat spring it boun’ to meck ’em live fo’evuh ef dey des’ git a sup o’ de wahtuh outen it, but dey nevuh kin fin’ it, an’ de Injins done kill all of ’em w’at doan’ die wiv de chills an’ fevuh? Maybe yo’ mowt heah o’ dat befo’ dis, suh?”

The Northern man said he had heard of the search for such a fabled fountain of youth.

“Huh! huh! Co’s e yo’ have! An’ I bet yo’ ef yo’ only des’ tink desp’rut hahd, suh, yo’ kin ’membuh dat yo’ done see dat dah wand’n’ mule somewhah in yo’ scrimmidgin’! Cain’ do dat, huh? Dat’s pow’ful queeuh! Pow’ful queeuh, suh! Mahs’ McKeevuh’s fadduh’s gran’fadduh he doan’ be down dah in Flah’dy, huntin’ fo’ dat wun’ful spring, but he des’ down dah spyin’ round to see waffo’ kyine o’ lan’ duh been dah, ’kaze maybe he mowt skittuh ’way fum de Cape Fair kentry an’ go down dah ef de lan’ it bean mo’ promisin’. He spyin’ an’ spyin’ roun’, an’ one day a monst’us big Injin man he done step outen de bresh squah in front o’ Mahs’ McKeevuh’s fadduh’s gran’fadduh, an’ de ol’ man he

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des' natch'ly mos' skeeuht nigh to deff. But de Injin man he doan' resh on Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh's gran'fadduh, an' swosh he sca'p off he haid, lack de ol' man done reckon he gwan to do, but he stan' up straight befo' de ol' man, biff heseff two, free times on he chis' wiv he han' an' say :

“ ‘ How ol' yo' reckon I done bean, suh? ’

“ Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh's gran'fadduh he tink he see a chance to tickle de Injin man, an' he say :

“ ‘ I reckon yo' bean quite a heap shy o' fo'ty-two, suh. ’

“ ‘ Puh ! ’ de Injin man he say. ‘ I bean nine hund'd an' fo'ty-seven yeahs an' free months ol', an' I ain' hahdly staht in to live yit ! ’ he say.

“ Den dat minute Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh's gran'fadduh he know w'at. Dat Injin man done diskivvuh dat wun'ful spring mos' a t'ousan yeahs befo' an' sup its wahtuh, an' dah he bean, standin' dah old as Met'uslum, suh ! Jicketty ! Des' tink o' dat, suh ! Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh's gran'fadduh he mos' drap froo de groun', an' befo' he kin say anyt'ing de Injin man he say :

“ ‘ Yo' got a wife, I reckon, suh ? ’

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“De ol’ man he say yes; he got a wife.

“‘Den co’se yo’ doan’ want to live fo’evuh!’ de Injin man he say, an’ he tu’n to skittuh ’way froo de bresh. But Mahs’ McKeevuh’s fadduh’s gran’fadduh he holluh to de Injin man to stop, ’kaze he done ’spec’ he kin cunjur de Injin man to show him dat spring, so he kin sup dat wat-tuh he ownseff. De Injin he say:

“‘I bean nine hund’d an’ fo’ty-seven yeahs an’ free months ol’,’ he say, ‘an’ I ain’ hahdly staht in to live yit! I des’ pinin’ to die an’ I cain’t, ’kaze I sup frum de wun’ful spring, and I done live fo’evuh. Fo’ nine hund’d an’ fo’ty-seven yeahs,’ he say, ‘I bean happy as de boundin’ fawn, suh, but fo’ de free months des’ done gone, I bean mis’able as de smoked coon in de hollow tree, suh, an’ I pinin’ to die! Waf-fo’ I pinin’ to die? ’Kaze free months ago I done teck a wife, suh! I shaiuh my wigwum wiv’ a squaw, an’ now I pinin’ to die! Ef I doan’ only be setch a ramificatin’ mutton head,’ de Injin man say, ‘dat I done go an’ giv dat squaw o’ mine a sup o’ de fountain o’ life too, den I kin stan’ it; but dah she bean, suh! She drink de wahtuh, an’ now she nevuh kin die, neiduh! I pinin’ to die, but I cain’t, ’less I teck

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an' show dat spring's hidin' place. Co'se yo' doan' want to know dat, suh, 'kaze yo' done got a wife yo'seff, an' co'se den yo' doan' want to live fo'evuh!' de Injin man he say, an' he look pow'ful cast down.

"Des' yo' pause a speck, suh!' Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh's gran'fadduh, he say. 'Ef yo' pinin' to die, show me de wun'ful spring, suh, an' tu'n up yo' toes an' die!'

"De Injin man he des' cry fo' joy, an' he kiss de ol' man's han's. Den he skittuh 'way in de bresh an' kim back wiv a big jug. He say to de ol' man to follow him, an' de ol' man follow him. Bahmby dey kim to de place whah de wun'ful spring it lie hid, an' de Injin man he p'int it out to Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh's gran'fadduh.

"He'p yo'seff!' de Injin man he say, 'an' I t'ousan' times 'bliged to yo', suh!' he say.

"Den he give a quivuh, an' den he give a quavuh. Den he shivuh lack a tree des' gwan to fall. Den he tumble to de groun', an' dah he lie daid, suh, wiv a smile on he face lack he nevuh kin be so happy ef he des' kim in from teckin' a heap o' sca'ps, suh! Den see w'at Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh's gran'fadduh he done do! He ain' gwan to be seffish 'nough, suh, to des'

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lie dah an' sup dat live-fo'evuh wahtuh all by he ownseff, an' he des' natch'ly fill de jug wiv it, co'k it up, an' staht fo' de Cape Fair kentry to shaiuh dat wahtuh wiv he folks, so dey kin all live fo'evuh, suh!

"Attuh while de ol' man he git to de Cape Fair kentry wiv he jug o' live-fo'evuh wahtuh. He been monst'us tahd, an' he lie down in de shade to res' heseff, an' he done drap soun' asleep. Bahmby 'long kim a man ridin' a mule wiv a big swullin' on he jaw, an' a tail w'at been rub off so nigh to he hams dat it look des' lack a nickel's wuff o' twis' plug tobacco, an' wiv a string halt in he off hind laig. De man on de mule he 'skivvuh de man w'at soun' asleep in de shade, wiv de jug by he side.

"'Peahs lack dat dah jug bean mighty spicious-lookin',' de man on de mule he say. 'I bet yo' duh bean co'n juice in dat dah jug!' an' de man he stop he mule an' crip off he back sly as a fox, an' snick up an' lif' dat jug.

"Mahs' McKeevuh's fadduh's gran'fadduh he doan' weck up, but he scrudgel a mite, lack he feel suffin' ain' des' right. De man he done snip de co'k ouden de jug an' sniff it. Dat doan' des' 'peah lack it gwan to he'p him on he junny wiv

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a heap of joy, an' he tase o' de jug. He sput out w'at he teck in he mouf, an' he look skeeuht.

“‘Jicketty!’ he say. ‘It bean wahtuh, an’ I mos’ swallow some! I reckon I bettuh wathuh de ol’ mule wiv it,’ he say, ‘’kaze he bean dryuh ’n a powduh ho’n!’

“He teck off de ol’ wahtuh’n bucket w’at jaggle fum de mule’s sussingle, an’ he tu’n all dat live-fo’evuh wahtuh ouden de jug into de bucket, an’ dah dat mule des’ lay to an’ swig it, suh, to de las’ drap! Ain’ dat monst’us? Did yo’ evuh heah any mo’tal t’ing lack dat, suh?”

The Northern man never had.

“But des’ den Mahs’ McKeevuh’s fadduh’s gran’fadduh done weck up. He ’skivvuh he jug gone. Den he ’skivvuh de man an’ de mule an’ de wathuh bucket. Den he know’d w’at, an’ he rise up. Jicketty, how dat ol’ man did rise up! An’ he smite de man w’at own de mule hip an’ thigh, suh, till de man he resh away an’ disapeah, holdin’ he haid lack de pain in it bean monst’us. But w’at good dat gwan to do Mahs’ McKeevuh’s fadduh’s gran’fadduh? De live-fo’evuh wathuh bean all gone, an’ he nevuh kin git it back. But he a wun’ful man, suh. Mighty Gabr’el! w’at a wun’ful man he bean!

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“ ‘Nevuh mind !’ he say. ‘Ef we done drenk dat wahtuh, co’sse den we woan’ nevuh git to heaven, an’ dat woan’ do ! An’ ef dat man doan’ feed it to he mule, den I woan’ have no mule, an’ I have to walk home ’sted o’ ridin’, lack I done gwan to do now !’ he say.

“ An’ he mount the scruffy ol’ mule an’ ride de res’ o’ de way home, whah dey all bean desp’rut glad to see him. An’ dah bean de mule ! Co’sse, he got de chahm o’ dat wun’ful Flah’dy spring in him, an’ he des’ keep on livin’. Mahs’ McKeevuh’s fadduh’s gran’fadduh an’ gran’mudduh dey pass to de kingdom, but dat mule he des’ keep on livin’. ’Peahs lack he doan’ keeuh ’bout doin’ it, but he cain’t he’p heseff. De wah it kim along an’ Mahs’ McKeevuh he go fo’ a sojuh, an’ he teck de nevuh dyin’ mule wiv him. He kim back w’en de wah bean done, but de mule he doan’ come along.

“ ‘De Yankees dey done smuggle him ’way fum us,’ Mahs’ McKeevuh say, an’ massuh he grin pow’ful, ’kaze I reckon he doan’ keeuh.

“ So dat mule he des’ wand’in’ an’ wand’in’ somewhah, sho’ly ; an’ I des’ weesh yo’ only bean down yon in de Cape Fair kentry befo’ de wah, suh, ’kaze den yo’ kin heah Mahs’ McKee-

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vuh tell yo' 'bout it, right fum de staht, suh.
But it bean mighty queeuh yo' ain' nevuh see dat
evuh-livin' mule somewhah in yo' scrimmidgin'
'bout de kentry, suh! Mighty queeuh!"

SAVED BY THE MAN IN THE
MOON.

SAVED BY THE MAN IN THE MOON.

He Was a Forgetful Man, More Forgetful Yet
than Uncle Camp who Cooked the 'Possum, or
He Would Not Have Been Chased up the North
Pole by the Hungry Polar Bear, So Mahs' Mc-
Keever Told the Black Homer's Old Mammy.

'PEAHS lack duh bean a right smaht snack o' folks dese hyuh days w'at doan' b'lieve duh bean setch a t'ing as a man in de moon. W'at yo' done reckon 'bout dat, suh? Yo' doan' b'lieve it neiduh? Den I done 'spec', too, dat mebbe yo' doubt dat a man evuh did climb de No'th Pole, suh? So yo' does, huh? Not even ef de man bean chase lack ol' hickory by a monst'us big poluh bah, suh? Sho! Den yo' hain' nevuh bean down in de Cape Fair kentry befo' de wah, sahtin enough, suh! Lack as not duh doan' bean no man in de moon no mo' now, 'kaze de wah done meck mighty changes wiv folks. But

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befo' de wah, suh, duh mus' bean a man in de moon, sho'ly, an' duh mus' bean a man clim' de No'th Pole, suh, 'kaze ol' Mahs' McKeevuh he know de man w'at done do it, an' dat man done sheck han's wiv de man in de moon, suh, 'kaze Mahs' McKeevuh say de man done tell him so! Duh, suh! How yo' gwan to git roun' dat, I des lack to heah yo' tell me! Huh, huh, honey! How yo' gwan to git roun' dat, suh? Yo' ain' gwan to try? Huh, huh! Dat a heap de easiest way, suh! A heap de easiest! 'Kaze yo' des' boun' to tiah yo'seff to death ef yo' evuh do try to git 'roun' dat, suh. Mahs' McKeevuh know de man w'at clim' de No'th Pole, an' de man dat sheck han's wiv de man in de moon, an' done tell Mahs' McKeevuh so. I wesh yo' been down in de Cape Fair kentry befo' de wah, suh. Den yo' done heah all about it while it fraish. One night, time I ain' been no bigguh'n a tucky buzzud, I settin' on my ol' mammy's lap watchin' de moon scootin' 'long in de sky lack it mighty skeeuht o' suf-fin' w'at chasin' it, an' mammy des' been tellin' me 'bout de man in de moon eatin' cabbage wiv a spoon, w'en Mahs' McKeevuh he kim 'long dah by the cabin.

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“Rosybell,” he say to my mammy, “how yo’ lack to sheck han’s wiv de man in de moon?”

Mammy she shedduh so she mos’ shedduh me off huh lap, an’ she holluh : “Mighty Gabr’el, Mahs’ McKeevuh ! Dat des’ natch’ly ’mos’ skeeuh me cold ! Yo’ spec’ I want to be whushed away and rolled along up dah ’mongst de clouds wiv dat ol’ man in de moon ? Sho ! I s’prised at yo’, suh ! ”

Den Mahs’ McKeevuh he snickuh an’ snickuh, an’ say to my ol’ mammy :

“Oh, de man in de moon, he doan’ be setch a scarifyin’ creatuh. I know a man one time w’at tell me he done sheck han’s wiv him, an’ dat man ain’ rollin’ ’long up dah in de clouds wiv him. No, suh ! ’Peahs lack dis hyuh man he live way up No’t’h, an’, so he done tell me, he meck up his mind one day dat he t’ink he bettuh go ’skivuh de No’t’h Pole. Heap o’ folks dey bean skittuh’n ’roun’ tryin’ to ’skivuh de No’t’h Pole, an’ dey cain’t fine it, but dis hyuh man he feel sahtin he kin ’skivuh it, an’ so he done staht out. But he bean pow’ful fo’gitful, dis hyuh man bean. Pow’ful fo’gitful ! I reckon, fum w’at he done tell me, dis hyuh man mus’

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bean de fo'gitfulles' creatuh w'at evuh breave de breff o' life!"

Den my ol' mammy she say: "T'ink he kin be as fo'gitful as ol' Uncle Camp bean, suh?"

Den Mahs' McKeevuh he snickuh an' snote an' holluh, an' mammy she snickuh an' snote an' holluh, an' I snickuh an' snote an' holluh, 'kaze I know about ol' Uncle Camp, even ef I doan' bean no bigguh'n a tuckey buzzud. Co'se yo' done heah 'bout ol' Uncle Camp long 'fo' dis time, suh? No? Sho! Dat pow'ful queueh! De whole kentry bean knowin' 'bout ol' Uncle Camp mos' evuh sence it bean knowin' 'bout anyt'ing. Befo' de wah Uncle Camp bean de pow'fules' 'possum huntuh of all de 'possum huntuh's 'long de ol' Capè Fair, an' he monst'us fond o' 'possum meat. Um-m-m—um! how fond dat man bean o' 'possum! He nevuh t'ink nuffin' o' clah'n de meat offen de bones o' de fattes' 'possum w'at evuh clim a gum tree, all alone by heseff, an' den pitchin' in an' clah'n 'nudduh one des' as big an' fat. One day Uncle Camp he go out in de swamp to cotch a possum, fo' he gittin' mighty 'possum hongry. 'Peahs lack 'possum dey mighty skeeus dat day, an' Uncle Camp he tromp an' tromp long, long time 'fo' he shin one up a

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tree. He cotch him an' fotch him home. Uncle Camp he monst'us tiah'd, but he clean dat 'possum an' salt an' peppuh him down in de pot to cook him, 'kaze he too hongry to fix him fo' to bake wiv sweet 'tatuhs. Den Uncle Camp he lie down on de flo' wiv he feet to'ads de fiah, an' zip! he done gone to sleep so quick he di'n know it, an' sno' an' sno' an' sno', des' lack a ol' bah growlin'. Uncle Camp he sleep mighty tight, an' he doan' do heah dat boy Jum o' his'n snick in de cabin. Jum he done have de devil in him bigguh'n a fambly o' tame coons. He sot down and wutch de 'possum simmuh in de pot, an' sniff de smell of it till he mos' go crazy. Uncle Camp he done keep sleepin' 'way lack a run-out houn', an' de 'possum he done keep a-cookin', an' Jum he done keep sniffin' an' winchin' heseff roun' on he cheeuh lack he nigh bustin' tryin' to hol' heseff. Bahmby Jum he t'ink dat 'possum smell lack it bean ready fo' to chaw, an' he cain' hol' heseff no mo', an' des' natch'ly teck it outen de pot.

"Po' ol' daddy he mighty tiah'd," Jum he say to heseff. "Nappin' it bean pow'ful sight bettuh fo' him dan 'possum. I des' let him have all de nap he want an' put away de 'possum my ownseff."

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So dat Satan boy Jum he sot to, an' fust t'ing he know duh ain' nuffin' o' dat 'possum lef', suh, but a heap o' bones. De meat an' de fat it all bean stow away 'neaf Jum's sussingle. Jum he look at de heap o' bones an' den he look at he po' ol' fadduh nappin' an' sno'tin' on de flo'. Den de ol' Satan in Jum it done teck to wuckin', an' Jum he grin lack he ain' nevuh bean so tickle sence he bo'n. He snatch up all de bones o' dat 'possum an' stack 'em in a heap nigh he daddy. Den he teck an' daub Uncle Camp's nose an' chops an' whiskuhs all ovuh wiv 'possum grease an' snick outen de cabin.

Uncle Camp he done git rested out bahmby, an' weck up. De cabin bean chock full o' de smell o' 'possum yit, an' Uncle Camp he 'gin to grin an' smack he lips. He rise up an' teck de kivvuh off de pot an' peek in. Den his jaw it drap lack a pump handle. He rub he eyes an' look in de pot ag'in. Nuffin' in dah but de smell!

"Mighty Gabr'el!" he holluh. "De 'possum done gone!"

Des' den Uncle Camp he drap he eyes to de flo' an' he see de heap o' bones polished up des' de way he done polish 'possum bones. He ope

he eyes big as onions. Den he rub he han' on he chops an' feel de 'possum grease, an' he 'skivuh it on he nose an' in he whiskuhs. Den Uncle Camp he breck out in a grin dat wrinkle he brack neck from he chin to he wool, an' meck de 'possum fat glisten mo' an' mo'. He rub he han's up an' down on he paunch, an' smack he lips an' roll he eyes an' grin widuh'n evuh.

"Um-m-m—um!" he grunt. "Um-m-m—um! 'Fo' de Lo'd!" he holluh. "I done fo'git I eat dat 'possum!"

Dat boy Jum he bean pickin' froo de crack in de do' an' listenin'. When he see an' heah how pow'ful fo'gitful he ol' daddy bean, he des' waddle out to de co'nfield an' roll an' holluh. Den he skrimmidge ovuh an' tell my ol' mammy w'at he done do, an' she have to roll an' holluh so huh ownseff dat she cain't chide dat Satan boy, suh, to save huhseff. My ol' mammy she tell Mahs' McKeevuh, an' he roll an' holluh—an' dat's de Uncle Camp my ol' mammy bean p'intin' at dat evenin' w'en Mahs' McKeevuh tellin' 'bout de man w'at sheck han's wiv de man in de moon bein' so monst'us fo'gitful, an' meck Mahs' McKeevuh holluh an' snote. Funny yo' nevuh did heah 'bout him, suh! Dis hyuh

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kentry done heah 'bout Uncle Camp sence long befo' de wah, suh.

"Yes, suh, Rosybell," Mahs' McKeevuh say to my ol' mammy, attuh he done squelch he holluh'n an' sno'tin'. "Dis hyuh man w'at tell me he sheck han's wiv de man in de moon he pow'ful sight mo' fo'gitfuller dan Uncle Camp yit. Dis hyuh man he t'ink he mus' go an' 'skivuh de No'th Pole. He tromp an' he tromp up froo de snow an' de ice, froo de snow an' de ice, till he 'gin to git pow'ful col' an' hungry, an' nighuh an' nighuh to whah de moon it done rise," way up dah in de No'th. He git nighuh an' nighuh to de place, till he tromp so nigh he kin 'mos' ritch up an' tetch de moon whah it done git up an' sail down dis hyuh way, to shine an' shine on de lan's he done lef' behin' him. He keep he eye peeled fo' de man in de moon, 'kaze he know about him eatin' cabbage dah wiv a spoon, an' he t'ink mebbe he kin holluh to him to des' frow him out a spoonful o' dat dah cabbage, he bean so monst'us hongry. But dis hyuh man, so he done tell me, he doan' see nuffin o' de man in de moon, but bahmby he tromp so nigh dat he declah he kin smell dat dah cabbage!

"Bahmby one day he see suffin' risin' up ag'in

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de sky, outen a mountain o' ice, an' it 'peah des' lack a big dead pine standin' dah.

" 'Jicketty !' he holluh. ' Dat bean de No'th Pole, sho's I bo'n, an' I done 'skivuh it !' "

" Dis hyuh meck de man feel pow'ful tickled, 'kaze now he know dat bahmby he soon git dah, an' he des' chuckle to heseff how he done gwan to heat heseff up choppin' dat No'th Pole down w'en he git to it. He tromp on froo de snow an' de ice, an' he ain' no mo' dan half a mile fum de No'th Pole w'en he happen to t'ink about suffin'.

" ' Mighty Gabr'el !' he holluh. ' I cain't chop dat No'th Pole down, 'kaze I done fo'git to fotch my ax !' "

" Dat dah man, Rosybell," Mahs' McKeevuh he say to my ol' mammy, " he done bean de fo'gitfulles' creatuh w'at evuh breave de breff o' life !' "

" He des' natch'ly a bombatious fool, dat w'at he bean !' " my ol' mammy she say. " But waffo' he want to git dat No'th Pole, anyhow ?' "

" Dunno !' " Mahs' McKeevuh he say. " He des' tell me dis hyuh, dat's all. I di'n ask him waffo' he want de No'th Pole. Dat doan' bean none o' my business, Rosybell. But he tromp

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an' tromp on froo de snow an' froo de ice, an' bahmby he heah a noise behin' him. He squinch roun' to see w'at meck dat noise, an' sho! w'at yo' tink he done see skrimmidgin' attuh him? A monst'us big polah bah! Dat dah doan' skeeuh de man, 'kaze he a mighty huntuh, an' he know he kin kill dat polah bah wiv one shot, but des' dat minute suffin' pop in he mind.

“ ‘Mighty Gabr'el!’ he holluh. ‘I cain't kill dat polah bah, 'kaze I done fo'git to fotch my gun!’

“Rosybell,” Mahs' McKeevuh say to my ol' mammy, “was duh evuh setch a fo'gitful creatuh bo'n on erf as dat dah man?”

“Mahs' McKeevuh,” my ol' mammy she say, “ef I only des' have dat dah man hyuh dis minute, I done joggle him till he wish he kin fo'git he evuh had teef in he haid! Dat's w'at I done do wiv him, suh?”

“Co'se,” Mahs' McKeevuh he say, “de man he doan' want to stan' dah an' be gobbled by dat polah bah, so 'way he skrimmidge, fas' as he laigs kin tote him, straight as he kin p'int fo' dat No'th Pole. He p'intin' to ritch de pole an' shin up to de top. He done ritch de pole, an' up he go. He ritch de top an' des' 'gin to chuckle

Saved by the Man in the Moon. 153

an' chuckle, w'en he look down, an' jicketty dah dat monst'us polah bah shinnin' up de No'th Pole attuh him! Sho's yo' bo'n, Rosybell," Mahs' McKeevuh he say to my ol' mammy, "ef suffin' doan' happen des' de nex' minute, dat dah man he nevuh would tol' me dis hyuh in dis wide wul'! Nevuh! An' w'at yo' spec' done happen?

"De polah bah des' gwan to gobble de man, so he tell me, w'en, wush! up rise de moon an' mos' bresh dat dah man in de face wiv itseff! An' dah bean de man in de moon, ritchin' he han' out to dat man on de top o' de No'th Pole. De man on de pole co'se he tink de man in de moon des' feelin' sorry fo' him, an' ritchin' he han' out to sheck han's wiv him good-by. So dis hyuh man he ritch he own han' out an' grab de man in de moon's han' an' began sheckin' it an' holluh'n 'Good-by!' when he feel heseff snatch offen dat pole lack he bean a 'simmon winched off a tree by a 'possum, an' de nex' minute he swushin' away 'long wiv de man in de moon, wiv de polah bah scroochin' on top o' de No'th Pole, gnashin' his teef an' sloschin' splintuhs ouden de pole lack lightnin' bean playin' wiv it! Dat man he so pow'ful fo'gitful, Rosybell," Mahs' McKeevuh he

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say to my ol' mammy, "dat he nevuh did t'ink to tell me whah de man in de moon done sot him down ag'in, but dat's de way he sheck han's wiv him, so he done tell me."

Dis hyuh was befo' de wah, suh, an' so duh mus' bean a man in de moon den, suh, or how kin dat man sheck han's wiv him, de way Mahs' McKeevuh say dat man done tell him he did, suh? Dunno? Co'se yo' doan'!

ONE-EYE PETE NEAFFIE'S
PARROT.

ONE-EYE PETE NEAFFIE'S PARROT.

A Bird of Sturdy Spirit and Great Flow of Language, and How its Change of Heart, as the Black Homer Alleges, Made its Strenuous Owner Pious.

ONE time, des' 'bout de time de wah done bean on its las' laigs, One-Eye Pete Neaffie he kim scrimmagin' in to Mahs' McKeevuh's, an' he say :

“Whah Cunnel McKeevuh?”

Somebody show him whah mahsuh bean, an' Pete he say :

“Cunnel McKeevuh, I done do muhduh, suh ! I'se a 'sassinatuh, Cunnel, an' duh ain' nuffin' to do but des' teck me out an' hang me, suh !”

Jicketty ! Dat des' meck all de eyes on dat plahntation belge out lack dey bean de butt end o' hen's aigs, suh, an' Mahs' McKeevuh he say :

“Wa'—wa'—wa' yo' mean, Petuh ? Who yo' done kill ?”

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“ I done kill Nicodemus, suh ! ” One-Eye Pete he say. “ Dat’s who I done kill, an’ yo’ des’ tell ’em to teck me out an’ hang me ! ”

Den Mahs’ McKeevuh he git ovuh de flummix Pete done frow him in when he say he bean doin’ muhduh, an’ ’gin to grin, an’ de eyes on dat plahntation dey quit belgin’, ’kaze we all know who Nicodemus bean, but Pete he stick to it dat he a ’sassinatuh, an’ declah he mus’ be hung.

“ I done bean de deff o’ Nicodemus ! ” he declah. “ If dat ain’ muhduh, den I reckon duh ain’ no setch a t’ing as muhduh ! ”

Co’s’e, Nicodemus bein’ a—but I reckon I bettuh tell yo’ ’bout dat, suh. One-Eye Pete Neaffie he bean des’ about de streakiest man w’at evuh live ’long de Cape Fair. Jicketty ! w’at streaks dat man do take ! Ef Mahs’ McKeevuh evuh t’ink o’ doin’ t’ings One-Eye Pete Neaffie do, folks dey done sot him down as ravin’ crazy. But dey doan’ t’ink Pete bean crazy. Des’ streaky, dat’s all. Streakiest kyine, suh. Long time ’fo’ de wah Pete he run a sloop on de Cape Fair, an’ meck money. He own niggus, an’ he own a little plahntation. One time one o’ he niggus he done skin out in de night time an’

One-Eye Pete Neaffie's Parrot. 159

doan' come back no mo'. Dat nigguh he leave a wife, an' she b'long to Pete, too. Two, free days attuh de nigguh run away Pete he say to dat nigguh's wife :

" Suse, whah dat wuffless nigguh o' yo'n ? "

" I reckon he done scrimmage up No'th, Mahs' Neaffie," Suse she say.

" Yo' know whah he bean ? "

" Yes, I know whah he bean," Suse she say.

" Den yo' des' pick up yo' bundle an' go dah, too! " One-Eye Pete say, an' Suse she have to go.

Dat de kyine o' streaky man One-Eye Pete Neaffie bean, an' when folks dey joggle him fo' settin' one nigguh free 'kaze 'nudduh one run away, he brestle up an' say :

" Nobody doan' 'bleege me to set my niggs free," he say. " But look-a hyuh ! Duh's a time comin' when all yo' own niggs dey done bean sot free, an' yo' won't have nuffin' to say about it, neiduh ! "

Dat dah bean monst'us hot sayin' fo' de Cape Fair plahntations des' 'bout dat time, an' if Mahs' McKeevuh done say it folks dey say he crazy, sho's yo' bo'n. But One-Eye Pete—" he des' streaky, dat's all ; des' streaky," dey say.

Des' a little time 'fo' de wah kim along Pete ;

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he go 'way wiv he sloop, an' he git 'way down to Cha'lston, whah he tie up, an' one day he bean gwan 'long de street an' he heah some un holluh :

“Damn fool !”

Pete he stop quick an' tu'n roun', but he di'n see who dat kin be what holluh. He staht on, w'en dat same holluh kim ag'in. Pete he stop, an' den he see an ol' wooman wiv a parrot, an' de parrot holluh :

“Damn fool !”

“Jicketty !” he say. “Dat parrot he know me, sho' enough, but I swah I nevuh know him !”

Den de parrot it begin to swah an' swah at Pete till Pete he des' mighty neah laugh heseff to deff, an' he buy dat parrot an' fotch him home. Pete so tickle wiv him dat he doan' do nuffin' but visit wiv him all de time.

“Ise gwan to quit boatin’,” Pete he say. “Me an' Nicodemus hain' got no time fo' boatin’,” he say.

“An' he quit boatin', sho's yo' bo'n, suh, an' des' put all his time in wiv dat parrot. Den de wah it begin to push along, an' One-Eye Pete he say :

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"Dah's gwan to be hell to pay 'roun hyuh 'fo' long, an' me an' Nicodemus is gwan to teck to de woods!"

And wa't yo' tink? He done sell he plahntation an' he nigguhs, an' scrimmage 'way up in de wildes' kentry he kin fine, an' Nicodemus go 'long wiv him. Jicketty! W'at a streaky man dat One-Eye Pete Neaffie done bean! Um-m-m-um! but he bean streaky!

Pete an' Nicodemus dey done go 'way up dah an' rise a cabin in de woods. Duh bean heaps o' game up dah—oodles of it; wile tucky, bah, deeuh, 'possum, coon, wile ducks, wile geeses, dey all des natch'ly bean plenty as gum berries. An' de t'ings Nicodemus done git de hang of in dem woods! De wile tucky cain't meck he own call nigh so natch'l as Nicodemus kin, an' de way he quack like a duck, an' cackle like a geese, an' blat like a fawn—why, it des' monst'us! All One-Eye Pete he have to do bean to des' teck he gun an' go out in de woods an' hide heseff, ef he pinin' fo' tucky or deeuh. Nicodemus he des' set on a limb an' holluh 'em in, an' Pete he pick out de ones he keeuh fo' an' knock 'em ovuh. Ef Pete he pinin' fo' geese an' duck, den he des' hide by de creeks, an' Nico-

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demus he meck de po' fowls t'ink, when dey bean flyin' ovuh, dat duh bean flocks an' flocks o' geese an' ducks feedin' on de fat o' de lan' down dah, de way he kin cackle an' quack, so dey wheel an' drop down in dat creek to see w'at all dem fowls done fine dah so pow'ful good. Den Pete he whang 'em, an' Nicodemus he laugh an holluh lack he des' tickle to deff de way he fool dem geese an' ducks. But ef Pete he evuh miss a tucky w'en Nicodemus call it up to de gun, um-m-m-um ! How dat parrot done cut loose wiv he tongue at Pete ! Swah ? Why, jicketty ! Pete he cain't help gittin' mighty skeeuht many time w'en Nicodemus bean cuttin' loose dat-a-way, an' he say he des' natch'ly set down an' wait fo' de showuh o' fiah an' brimstone he feel mighty sahtin mus' sho'ly tumble on him fo' dat parrot's monst'us weekedness ! An' Nicodemus he done swush at Pete, an' yank he haih out, an' swabble he face, an' joggle him desp'rit. Pete he des' lay low an' teck it all till Nicodemus git froo. 'Kaze he say any man w'at cain't hit a tucky w'en it done been fotch to he gun, des' ought to be juggled till he cain't see.

Des' see w'at a monst'us crittuh dat Nicodemus

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done bean, suh. W'en One-Eye Pete teck down he gun to go in de woods attuh game dat parrot he des' cock he eye up an' say :

"Tucky, Pete?"

Mebbe Pete he say no. Den Nicodemus he say :

"Duck?"

Mebbe Pete he say no ag'in. Den Nicodemus say :

"Geese?"

Ef Pete he say no, den Nicodemus say :

"Deeuh?"

Den ef Pete say no, Nicodemus he scrumble heseff an' swah, an' holluh :

"Bah! Damn bah!"

'Kaze Nicodemus he doan' keeuh fo' bah huntin', fo' he cain't call bah; but he always go 'long des' to swah at Pete. One time Pete done chase a bah all day long, an' he cain't git nigh him. Nicodemus he swah an' swah an' swah, an' tell Pete he bean so many monst'us t'ings dat bahmby Peth he git skeeuht, an' t'ink sho'ly dat ol' Satan done gobble him fo' he git outen dem woods. Den de bah scootle into a swamp so deep dat Pete he des' nach'ly give up, an' say he gwan home. Den yo' ottuh heah Nico-

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demus ! He shy setch monst'us talk at Pete dat Pete's haiuh rise up, an' he p'int he gun at Nicodemus an' declah dat if dat parrot doan' shet he mouf he git de bullet w'at bean in dat gun fo' de bah. Do yo' t'ink Nicodemus shet he mouf? No, suh ! He des' swush at One-Eye Pete an' swa-a-a-t him—um-m-m-m ! how he do swat dat man ! Den he holluh dat he gwan to git dat bah he ownseff, an' away he swushes in de swamp. Bahmby Pete he heah mos' onrighteous goin's on in dah. Nicodemus a yellin' an' swah'n an' callin' names wussuh dan he evuh do befo', an' de bah a howlin' an' scrummagin' an' gnashin' he teef.

“ I declah,” Pete he say, “ ef it doan' peah lack dat fowl o' de aiuh des' natch'ly done gone an' gobble dat wile beas' o' de wilduhness, sho's I bo'n ! ”

Den Pete he heah de bah comin' outen de swamp, swishy-swashy ! crishy-crashy ! He comin' squah right dah whah Pete bean standin', an' Pete know dat parrot bean fotchin' him out, 'kaze he heah Nicodemus swah'n dat he is. Pete he doan' feah dat bah, but he pow'ful distressed ovuh de talk Nicodemus bean shyin' at de bah, an' he know ef he doan' kill dat bah w'en it

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scrumble outen dat swamp he mowt des' well jump in de creek an' drownd heseff. De bah pop out, an' Pete cotch it wiv he rifle ball, an' down it go an' doan' git up no mo'. An' des' ahind de ol' bah kim two teeny cubs, wiv Nicodemus jogglin' 'em desp'rit. W'en Nicodemus see de ol' bah layin' dah daid, he cool down an' roost on de bah's cahcuss. But w'en he fine dat Pete he gwan to teck dem two cubs to de cabin, Nicodemus he swush Pete all de way home, an' call him monst'us t'ings squah in his face. But Pete he boun' to have dem cubs, an' he des' let Nicodemus swah.

Pete he done git pow'ful fond o' dem dah cubs, an' Nicodemus he git pow'ful jealous of 'em, an' make up he mind about 'em. Pete he keep de cubs in de cabin, an' one night he weck up and heah Nicodemus swah'n lack a pirate, an' de cubs whinin' lack dey ain' easy in dey mine. Pete he lay low, an' bahmby he heah de cabin do' push open, an' de moonshine it pop in, an' den he see dat it bean Nicodemus push de do' open. Pete he keep layin' low, an' wonduh w'at dat onrighteous parrot gwan do. An' wat-a yo' tink he done do, suh? He des' natch'ly drive dem cubs outen dat cabin, peckin' 'em wiv he hook bill,

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an' swah'n! Jicketty! How he been swah'n!
An' he run dem po' little bahs 'way off in de
woods, an' dey know dey bettuh nevuh come
back dah agin, suh. Den Nicodemus he kim
back to de cabin, an' he chuckle an' chuckle, an'
git up on Pete's bunk an' holluh in he eauh:

“Damn fool!”

Den Nicodemus chuckle some mo' an' go to
sleep. Dis hyah tickle Pete so pow'ful dat he
tink mo' o' dat weeked parrot dan he evuh tink
he kin. Nex' day Pete he boun' to tease Nico-
demus, an' he took down he gun.

“Tucky, Pete?” Nicodemus he say.

“No,” Pete he say. “Bah.”

Nicodemus he swah he woan' go attuh bah,
but Pete he declah dat he go attuh bah or he
doan' go attuh nuffin, so Nicodemus he git up
an' go, but he mighty gruffy 'bout it, an' w'en
Pete he stop to look fo' bah signs, Nicodemus he
move on, lack he doan' keeuh fo' nuffin. He ain'
go but little ways, w'en Pete heah a swush, an'
den Nicodemus yellin' an' swah'n. Pete he look
dat a-way, an' des' tu'n col' as ice. A big hawk
it done swup down an' gobble Nicodemus, an'
'way it go wiv him, an' Pete doan' see him no
mo'. Den Pete he des' lop down an' tah he haih,

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"I bean de deff o' Nicodemus!" he holluh. "I done do muhduh, an' I des' go an let 'em hang me."

Duh nevuh bean setch a streaky man as dat One-Eye Pete Neaffie. Nevuh in the wul', suh.

Dat bean de time w'en Pete he kim in to Mahs' McKeevuh's plahntation, down yon 'long de Cape Fair, an' tell mahsuh he done do muhduh, an' he mus' hang. So w'en Mahs' McKeevuh he fine who it bean dat Pete done muhduh, he say :

"Dey wantin' sojuh men pow'ful bad up yon in V'ginny, Pete," he say. "Dis hyuh wah lookin' ferocious. Dem Yanks dey pushin' de knife 'way up to de helt, an' we des' achin' fo' sojuh men. Bes' t'ing yo' kin do, Petuh,' mahsuh say, "'been to go up dah an jine de ahmy. Yo' git killed, des lack as not, an' dat mighty sight bettuh'n hangin."

Pete he t'ink dat bean des' 'bout de t'ing, too, an' 'way he go to jine de ahmy, dat man bean so pow'ful streaky! He jine de ahmy, an' he fight and fight and fight. He fight mo'n six months 'fo' he git a scratch, an' den a Yankee bullet clip him, an' dey tote him in to die. Dey tote him to a big tent whah duh bean heaps mo' sojuh men wiv Yankee bullets in 'em, an' dey des'

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layin' Pete on he cot, w'en he heah some un holluh :

"Halleluyuh, Petuh! Let us pray!"

Pete he ope he one eye an' look up skeeuht wiv it, an' dah, on a stool in the tent, who yo' done spec' he see? Nicodemus! Yes, suh! Big as life, suh, an' solemn as a unduhtakuh! Pete he des' shet dat eye o' his'n ag'in an' done faint daid away, he des' dat streaky!

How Nicodemus done git dah? Dat bean so sing'luh, suh, dat I doan' spec' yo' gwan to b'lieve it. Des' on udduh side dem woods whah de hawk snatch Nicodemus up dat day an' tote him off cussin' an' swah'n top o' he lungs, bean de Craigie plahntation. De Craigie folks dey bean de piouses' folks in all dat kentry, an' Mahs' Craigie he done preach many times, heah an' dah. Hawks bean totin' away de Craigie chickens, des' de same, an' Mahs' Craigie bean layin' fo' hawks wiv he gun, des' w'en de hawk w'at gobble Nicodemus kim floatin' ovuh dat a-way. He up pow'ful high, but Mahs' Craigie he bean a desp'rit man wiv a rifle, an' he sen' a bullet up to meet dat hawk, an' the bullet done meet it, sho'ly. De hawk kim tumblin' down, an' drap daid in a co'n shock. W'en Mahs' Craigie go to

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pick de hawk up he mighty sot back to see a parrot shet in its claws. Dat bean Nicodemus. Co'se Mahs' Craigie doan' know dat. He t'ink de parrot bean daid, an' he teck it to de house. De fambly dey all lookin' at it, w'en bahmby Nicodemus he 'gin to kick. Den dey know he ain' daid, an' dey wait. Bahmby Nicodemus he ope he eyes an' look roun' dah. Den he rise up an' teck a bettuh look. Den he 'gin to give his 'pinion o' t'ings. Nicodemus he ain' hahdly staht in yit, w'en dat fambly 'gin to scattuh, an' dey ain' nobody lef' wiv Nicodemus but Mahs' Craigie, an' he have he finguh's stuff 'way in he eauhs, an' he eyes dey belgin'. Bahmby Nicodemus he quit. Mahs' Craigie's fambly dey declah dat he mus' teck de parrot out in de woods an' shoot it, but he say no. But he done tote Nicodemus up to a cabin he have in de woods, an' dah he labuh an' rassle wiv dat onrighiteous fowl weeks an' weeks, day in an' day out, p'intin' out to Nicodemus de evil of his ways. An' w'at yo' spec' done happen? Bahmby one day Mahs' Craigie he kim in an' Nicodemus bean wiv him. De fambly dey staht to quit de house as fas' as dey laigs kin tote 'em, but Nicodemus he holluh :

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"Hallyluyuh! Let us pray!"

Den de fambly kim back. Yes, suh. Mahs' Craigie he done labuh wiv dat weeked Nicodemus till he tu'n him in de straight an' narrow path, suh, an' duh ain' bean none o' dat fambly no mo' piousuh dan Nicodemus! An' w'en Mahs' Craigie he t'ink he mus' go an' jine de ahmy, he done teck Nicodemus wiv him, an' Mahs' Craigie an' him dey done bean in dat tent w'en dey tote One-Eyed Pete Neaffie in.

Well, suh, Pete he doan' die, an' he mighty tickle to fine dat Nicodemus ain' daid, but he cain't git de hang o' all dat piousness. One day Pete he feelin' streaky, an' he say to Nicodemus:

"We gwan out attuh bah to-day."

Nicodemus he shuffle he fedduhs up an' glare he eye, an' holluh:

"Dam——"

But he done cotch heseff right dah, an' say:

"Hallyluyuh, Petuh! Let us pray!"

Dat des' sot Pete to t'inkin', an' he t'ink so hahd an' deep ovuh Nicodemus's change o' haht dat when he bean ready to jine de ahmy ag'in he des' as pious as Nicodemus, an' w'at yo' spec' Pete done do? Attuh de wah bean done

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he des' natch'ly go to preachin', and de Cape Fair kentry ain' nevuh see setch a pow'ful preachuh as One-Eye Pete Neaffie, befo' no' sence de wah, suh. He des' dat oncommon streaky!

SCORNFUL SUE AND LEAN
LUCINDA.

SCORNFUL SUE AND LEAN LUCINDA.

How the Screech Owl Charm Tangled the Love
Affairs of Poor Juniper Blue, and Sent Him
Forth Pining to Meet Some Wild and Rapa-
cious Bear.

“Yo’ bean skrimmidgin’ ’roun’ in de piny woods
a heap, suh,” said the Black Homer one day,
“and I spec’ yo’ done see Junipuh Blue befo’ dis
time?”

The Northerner had not seen Mr. Blue as yet.

“Den co’s e dey done tell yo’ ’bout him, suh?”
said the Black Homer.

They had not told the Northerner anything
about Juniper Blue.

“Dat mighty queeuh!” declared the Black
Homer of Jimtown. “Dat misfo’tunate man
bean slumpin’ roun’ froo de woods dis hyuh
long time.”

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The Northern man, seeing nothing surprising in that, said nothing, which evidently disturbed the Black Homer, who, after a long pause, said :

“ An’ waffo yo’ ’spec’ he done spen’ he time doin’ it, suh ? ”

The Northerner was, of course, unable to say.

“ Dat misfo’tunate man, suh,” said the Black Homer, “ he slumpin’ roun’ froo de woods dat a-way des’ ’kase he achin’ and hopin’ an’ prayin’ to meet a wild an’ rippinacious bah face to face. He doan’ want to kill dat bah, an’ he doan’ want dat bah to kill him, neiduh. He des’ hopin’ an’ prayin’ to meet de bah, dat’s all. Den attuh dat he done spec’ he boun’ to be de happies’ man duh evuh did be in de Cape Fair kentry, ’tick’ly kaze den he kin sheck de mud o’ de Cape Fair kentry off he heels an’ skrimmidge ’way fum dah. Did yo’ evuh pine an’ pine wiv love, suh, till yo’ mos’ tink yo’ kin des’ natch’ly lay down an’ die wiv it, an’ de gal w’at yo’ pine fo’ she des’ doan’ keeuh a sniffle fo’ yo’, but hankuh attuh ’nudduh man, till yo’ tink yo’ boun’ to go ’way an’ die anyhow, suh ? ”

The Northerner said that this was a rather delicate subject to discuss, and he preferred to remain noncommittal on it.

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“Oh, dat bean all right!” said the Black Homer. “It doan’ meck a trifle o’ diff’ence to me, suh! Only, duh bean oodles an’ oodles o’ folks w’at does pine and pine dat a-way, I reckon, and I des’ tink dat ef yo’ mowt be one o’ dem folks I kin tell yo’ how yo’ kin meck de gal pine fo’ yo’ ownseff, suh, an’ meck d’ udduh man feel lack he boun’ to go ’way an’ des’ lay down an’ die he ownseff. Dat bean all, suh. But co’sse ef you ain’ pinin’ it don’t make no diff’ence to you, suh. But it made a pow’ful sight o’ diff’ence to Junipuh, an’ dat’s des’ why he slump roun’ froo de woods, hopin’ an’ achin’ and prayin’ to meet dat wild and rippinacious bah. Junipuh he bean drivin’ mules fo’ de McKeevuh folks down yon—ol’ Mahs’ McKeevuh folks, only ol’ Mahs’ McKeevuh he bean daid dese hyuh yeahs an’ yeahs. Junipuh’s folks dey ain’ Cape Fair kentry folks. Dey live ovuh yon in de Drowndin’ Creek kentry. Junipuh he ain’ been wiv the McKeevuh mules a desp’ut while ’fo’ he ’gin to pine an’ pine an’ pine wiv love. An’ who yo’ spec’ he done pinin’ fo’? Susan Ray, who bean a gal w’at step pow’ful high, suh, ’kaze she de waitin’ maid fo’ young Missy McKeevuh. Susan she tu’n huh nose up at Junipuh, an’ dat

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des' meck him pine an' pine all de mo'. Mebbe she woan' tu'n huh nose up quite so high, dough, ef Sam Shackpole doan' be in de case.

"Sam Shackpole, he been groomin' fo' young Capt. Gravely, des' de nex' place to McKeevuhs', an' he des' as spry as a cricket, an' de bes' cakewalkuh in de hull Cape Fair kentry. W'at kin Junipuh Blue 'spec he kin do 'gin a man lack dat, even 'ef Susan Ray doan' tu'n up huh nose 'kaze she a waitin' maid an' Junipuh des' a mule drivuh? 'Peahs lack Junipuh done lose he haid, pinin' 'gin a man who kin cakewalk bet-tuh'n de hull Cape Fair kentry; but he keep on pinin', and Susan she keep on risin' huh nose at him an' smilin' on Sam Shackpole, an' goin' wiv him to all de meetin's, and de cakewalks, an' de swarry's w'at come up 'long de Cape Fair.

"One day Junipuh he t'ink he lack to go to de Drowndin' Creek kentry an' see he folks, an' so he do. He ol' Aunt Mabel she ain' skeecely sot huh eyes on him 'fo' she holluh:

" 'Junipuh Blue! waffo' yo' done look so wan an' waily?'

"Junipuh he squimple out: 'Aunt Mabel, I done spec' I'se pinin'!'

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“ ‘Pinin’!’ Aunt Mabel she holluh. ‘Waffo’ yo’ pinin, chile?’

“Den Junipuh he squimple out ag’in : ‘I’s e pinin’ fo’ love!’

“ ‘Love!’ Aunt. Mabel she holluh. ‘An’ I spec’ Is’e pinin’ too! I’s e pinin’ to swat yo’, Junipuh Blue! Ise pinin’ to swat yo’ mighty hahd! Ef yo’ pinin’ fo’ love waffo yo’ doan’ git it?’

“Den Junipuh he done tell he Aunt Mabel all about his pinin’, and who he pinin’ fo’, an’ how she des tu’n huh nose up at him, an’ smile on ’nudduh man. Attuh Junipuh tell he Aunt Mabel dat, she des’ glarify at him till Junipuh he mos’ sah’tin she done gwan to swat him attuh all. But she doan’ do it. She des’ glarify at him, an’ bahmby she say :

“ ‘Peahs lack dat when folks sets deyseffs down ovuh dah in dat Cape Fair kentry dey des’ doan’ know nuffin no mo’! Junipuh Blue, yo’ bean de foollest niggah I know! Hyuh yo’ pinin’ an’ pinin’, an’ de gal she done sco’n yo’, when, ef yo’ know enough to git back dah, yo’ kin put de shoe on d’ udduh foot, yo’ wan an’ waily man!’

“Den Junipuh he trimble an’ speck lack he

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done have de aguh, an' holluh : 'W'at in de wide wul' yo' mean, Aunt Mabel ?'

“‘Go back to yo' Cape Fair kentry !' Aunt Mabel she holluh. 'Git yo' a screech owl's gizzuhd ! Bake it an' powduh it fine ! Trickle a pinch o' dat powduh in de gal's victuals or drink ! Den she's boun' to do de pinin' huh own seff, an' de shoe be on d' udduh foot ! Go back an' git yo' a screech owl's gizzuhd, yo' fool nigguh, an' win yo' gal an' cease yo' pinin' !

“Junipuh Blue, he cain't hahdly stop to t'ank he Aunt Mabel, he so pow'ful tickled, and 'way he done scrimmidge back to de Cape Fair kentry. An' he put in all de time he kin get lookin' fo' dat screech owl. He hunt de swamps, an' he slump froo de woods, but he cain't fine no screech owl. One time he t'ink he see one in a holluh tree, an' he 'gin to jolly an' hug heseff, but dat doan' be no screech owl. It bean a wilecat, an' it joggle Junipuh so monst'us 'fo' he kin git away fum dah dat he leave a heap o' he wool an' he skin in de woods. An' all de w'ile he huntin' fo' dat screech owl Junipuh he pine an' pine mo'n evuh, an' Susan she rise huh nose highuh an' highuh, an' smile on Sam sweetuh an' sweetuh.

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“ ‘Dis hyuh bean monst’us hahd to beah!’ Junipuh he do declah. ‘Ef I doan’ git dat screech owl ’fo’ many days, I des’ natch’ly go off an’ die in the wilduhness!’ he declah.

“But bahmby he get dat screech owl! He fine it hidin’ in de swamp, and he knock it ovuh, an’ hug it all de way home, he so fond of it, ’kase now he done gwan to cease he pinin’, fo’ Susan boun’ to be his’n. He teck de owl’s gizzhud, an’ he bake it, an’ he powduh it fine, an’ he wait he chance, gloatin’ ’kase he cain’t help t’inkin’ how s’prise Sam Shackpole gwan to be when he done see dat Susan doan’ rise huh nose no mo’ at Junipuh, but des’ smiles de sweetes’ kyine on him. Den de chance it kim along. De brudduhn an’ sistuhn done git up a cake-walk fo’ to rise money to pay de Elduh’s wages, an’ co’sse Sam he boun’ to be dah, an’ co’sse he gwan to teck Susan. Junipuh be gloatin’ mo’ and mo’, and he say to Sam :

“ ‘I spec’ yo’ gwan to teck Susan?’

“ ‘Co’sse!’ Sam he say.

“ ‘Joy yo’seff wiv her?’ Junipuh say. ‘Joy yo’seff, Sam, ’kase I reckon dis hyuh gwan to be yo’ las’ time! Susan she boun’ to go wiv me attuh dis hyuh time. She gwan to smile

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on me from dis huyh on !' Junipuh he say gloatin'.

"Sam he 'mos' roll an' holluh to hear Junipuh say dat, an' when he tell Susan she 'mos' roll an' holluh, too. Sam he teck Susan to de cake walk, and dey des' feelin' gay when Junipuh he kim along, an' dat meck 'em feel all de gayer, 'kase he so tickle ovuh w'at he done to say to Sam.

" 'Susan an' Sam,' Junipuh, he say, 'come wiv me. I'se gwan to treat yo'.

"Susan an' Sam dey glide wiv Junipuh to the lemonade place, an' when Junipuh pass Susan huh glass he trickle a pinch o' de powder fum de screech owl's gizzuhd in it, sly as a possum. But he ain' sly enough fo' Susan. Susan she teck de glass, an' des' den she look roun' an' scream :

" 'Oh, my ! Hyuh's 'Cindy Chopup ! Yo' mus' treat 'Cindy, too, Junipuh !' Susan she scream.

"Fo' a cullud lady, I done 'spec' 'Cindy Chop-up bean de skinniest an' de leanest creatuh w'at yo' evuh sot yo' two eyes on, suh ! An' she have a desp'ut cockeye, an' huh tempuh bean monst'us sot on aidge, suh. When Susan 'skivvuh

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'Cindy at de lemonade place an' scream to Junipuh dat he mus' treat 'Cindy, too, Junipuh he say c'ose he will. 'Cindy she scuffle up, an' Junipuh he tu'n to get huh a glass, too, when Susan she holluh :

“ ‘Yo' des' teck dis hyuh glass, 'Cindy, 'kase I see it done been too pow'ful sweet fo' me ! ’

“ An' 'fo' Junipuh he kin jump an' stop huh, 'Cindy done swump de hull glass, screech owl gizzuhd an' all, suh ! Den Susan she t'ank Junipuh de sweetes' kyine, and declah she done change huh mind and woan' teck any lemonade dis evenin' ! An' w'at you tink, suh ? Junipuh he resh fum de place an' hide in de McKeevuh haymow. He ain' been gone ten minutes, suh, when 'Cindy 'gin to 'quiah an' 'quiah whah he kin be, an' hunt high an' low fo' him. De screech owl gizzuhd been actin', suh, an' 'Cindy been pinin' fo' Junipuh ! An' dat night Sam an' Susan dey des' go to de Elduh's an' git married !

“ Well, suh, 'Cindy she pine an' pine so fo' Junipuh, an' tag him 'roun' so an' pestuh him, dat he des' pick heseff up an' skittuh away fum de Cape Fair kentry, pinin' fo' Susan mo'n evuh, an' leavin' 'Cindy pinin' fo' him most des-

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p'ut. Nobody didn't know whah Junipuh done gone to, an' 'Cindy she pine an' pine an' pine so onceasin' dat she teck a trip to de Drowndin' Creek kentry, hopin' she might git track o' Junipuh. I doan' 'spec' you evuh did know, suh, dat screech owls bean monst'us 'feahd of bahs?"

The Northerner had never known that screech owls were afraid of bears, and so informed the Black Homer of Jimtown.

"Monst'ous 'feahd, suh! Screech owls bean monst'us 'feahd o' bahs. 'Peahs lack dat dah feah bean bo'n in de screech owls. So my ol' mammy she done tell me. When de fuss' screech owl bean made an' put in de woods it ain't been a screech owl at all, 'kaze it didn't have no voice to screech wiv. Dat owl bean silent as a graveyahd, and de fuss' bah w'at bean made an' put in de woods he doan' lack dat. One day dat owl bean settin' on huh aigs hatchin' out huh fambly, when 'long kim de bah an' rise up, whoosh! right outen de bresh in front o' de owl, an' roah an' holluh de mos' ripinacious kyine. Dat po' broodin' owl she bean so monst'us skeeuht she des' fetch a screech outen huhseff dat mos' skeeuh de bah he'seff. Dat bean des' when she hatchin' dem aigs, an'

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when de owls w'at come outen dem aigs grow up, w'at yo' tink, suh! Dey kin screech like wile Injins, an' so dey bean screech owls evuh since, wiv a monst'us feah fo' bahs, suh.

“'Peahs dat 'fo' Junipuh Blue he skittuh 'way fum de Cape Fair kentry he write to he Aunt Mabel and tell huh how de screech owl's giz-zuhd done bean tu'n ag'in him, so w'en 'Cindy Chopup she 'peah in de Drowndin' Creek kentry to 'quiah 'bout Junipuh, Junipuh's folks dey know all de fac's in de case.

“'Whah dat fool nigguh gone to?' Aunt Mabel she holluh when 'Cindy 'peah dah an' 'quiah 'bout Junipuh. 'I nevuh kin tell yo' 'kaze I doan' know.' 'Peahs lack duh ain' nobody in de Cape Fair kentry w'at knows a t'ing! Why doan' yo' go meet a bah in de woods? Ef yo' des' only meet a bah dat bah bean sahtin to skeeuh dat screech-owl chahm outen yo' so quick yo' t'ink it nevuh bean dah! Go meet a bah an' cease yo' pinin'!' Aunt Mabel she holluh. 'But I hope I woan' be t'inkin' 'bout yo' w'en yo' meet de bah, fo' den de pine boun' to hit me! If anybody in dis hyuh wide wul' bean tinkin' o' yo' w'en yo' meet dat bah, I pity dat pusson!' Aunt Mabel she holluh.

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“Po’ ’Cindy, she skittuh ’way from dah, tinkin’ Junipuh’s folks dey been pokin’ fun at huh, an’ doan’ know whah she done gwan to, an’ pinin’ an’ pinin’. Bahmby she slump along in a big woods, an’ ’fo’ she know it—whoosh! rise a wild and rippinacious bah outen de bush! ’Cindy she heah one pow’ful screech scoot outen huh, but she declah dat she nevuh did meck dat screech, ’kaze she too skeeuht. De bah it skrimmidge away, an’ dah ’Cindy she ’skivvuh dat huh pine bean gone!

“Junipuh Blue, when he skittuh ’way from de Cape Fair kentry, nevuh did stop till he git ’way down in de Peedee kentry. One day, attuh he git dah he feah dat ’Cindy she track him out an’ come dah, he git to tinkin’ ’bout huh, an’ he feel mighty sorry fo’ huh, but he mighty glad he ’scape huh. Des’ w’ile he tinkin’ dat a-way ef a pine fo’ ’Cindy di’n teck him! an’ he pine an’ he pine so fo’ huh, dat he skrimmidge back to de Cape Fair kentry to git huh. He foun’ huh, but she tu’n up huh nose an’ sco’n him! Den he fine dat des’ de time he git dat pine fo’ ’Cindy it bean des’ de time when de bah skeeuht de pine fo’ Junipuh ’way from ’Cindy! Now, w’at yo’ t’ink o’ dat, suh? Ain’ dat scarrifyin’ mos’ beyon’

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belief, suh?" said the Black Homer of Jimtown.

The Northerner had to admit that the circumstance tried credulity somewhat.

"But," continued the Black Homer, "Junipuh he done tell me so heseff, an' ef anybody ottuh know, it bean him, 'kaze he wuz dah! Well, suh, 'Cindy she sco'n an' sco'n Junipuh, an' tu'n up huh nose at him, an' treat him shameful. But he pine an' pine fo' huh, an' cain't give huh up, an' when he fine she boun' to be cruel to him to huh dyin' day, he des' tu'n to an' slump froo de woods, hopin' an' prayin' to meet a wild an' rapinacious bah face to face, so it kin skeeuh dat screech owl pine 'way fum him, so he kin sheck de mud o' de Cape Fair kentry offen he heels an' skrimmidge 'way fum dah!

"It's pow'ful queeuh, suh, dat yo' ain't see Junipuh Blue nowhah in yo' slumpin' roun' in de woods, or dat dey doan' tell yo' 'bout him long fo' dis. Pow'ful queeuh, suh!" concluded the black Homer; but it did not strike the Northern man that way.

KING BIP.

KING BIP.

The Tale of the Proud Slave Who Scorned Servitude, to the Contempt of the Black Homer's Mammy, and Who Fled to Freedom and Met a Fate that Made Him More than a King.

LONG time 'fo' de wah, ol' mahs' he have to meck a trip to No'wleens, an' he fotch back wiv 'im a new nigguh w'at he done buy on de levy. Dat new nigguh man bean de blackest I evuh did see, suh. He a lackly young buck, but black! Um-m-m—um! how black dat man bean! 'Peahs to me ef yo' dab tah on dat nigguh's cheek it done look lack a white mahk, suh! Pow'ful black, he wuz, pow'ful! An' de eye dat man had! 'Peahs lack it bu'n a hole clean froo yo' w'en he tu'n dat eye squah on yo'! An' he tote he haid monst'us high, an' stret lack he t'ink duh ain' no one on dat plahntation des' as good as him. But he been kyine to all us dahkeys,

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if he do feel lack he 'way 'bove us, an' he wuck in de field willin' as kin be, but all de tahm he act des' lack he done bean doin' ol' mahsuh mighty big favuh, an' des' lack mahsuh ottuh bean wuckin' fo' him, 'sted o' him wuckin' fo' mahsuh. But ol' mahs' he teck a pow'ful fancy to dis hyuh new nigguh, an' t'ink he de bes'es' one he got on the plahntation. Dat doan' meck no diff'ence to de new nigguh, not a teeny bit, an' he done tote he haid high, an' flash he eye, an' stret des' de same.

Dis hyuh mighty proud man's name it bean Bip, an' bahmby I done git tahd de way he stride 'roun' lack he a lion in a cage an' we bean only des' tomcats, an' I say:

"Puh! Waffo' yo' swull up so pow'ful big! Waffo' yo' done tote yo' haid so high, an' stret lack yo' bean a Leftenant in de Cha'lstown Blues? Puh! Yo' des' only a common nigguh, on ol' mahsuh's plahntation! Dat's all!"

Den Bip he frow up he haid an' fold he ahms 'cross he ches' an' flash he eye an' say:

"I'se wuckin' on dis hyuh plahntation des' lack de res' de cattle, dat's so!" he say. "But I ain' got no right to be doin' it! I ain' no common nigguh! I'se a king! I'se a king!"

Den Bip he done poun' he ches' wiv he fis', an' frow he haid highuh an' highuh, an' flash he eye till I quavuh in my feet, an' mos' seenk whah I stan'! I heah, many times, 'bout de King o' de Cannibal Islan's, an' I t'ink mebbe Bip done bean dat hongry chap, an' gwan to gobble me 'kase I bean so peeuh wiv him, an' I spec' he see I mos' skeeuht to deff an' feel sorry fo' me, 'kase bahmby he come off he high hoss, an' we wuck along in de field ag'in, an' he done tol' me 'bout heseff.

"Why!" he say. "I 'membuh w'en I live wiv my fadduh an' my mudduh, 'way ovuh in Aff'ky, an' dough I done bean des' a piccaninny, 5, 6 yeah ol' I know my fadduh an' mudduh dey bean King an' Queen o' dat kentry, an' rule a mighty heap o' folks. My fadduh he wo' a monst'us big gol' ring in he nose, an' my mudduh she have eahrings big roun' as a teacup, an' bracelets on huh ahms an' ankles. 'Peahs to me she doan' waiuh a pow'ful sight else but dem rings an' bracelets, an' my fadduh's gahments dey mighty skeeuhs, but nobody doan' come nigh 'em 'cep' dey bow 'way down to de groun'. Dey pow'ful mona'chs, my fadduh an' mudduh, an' all dat kentry an' all dem heaps o' people dey

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done gwan t' be mine, 'kase I de prince o' dat house, but one day 'nudduh king he resh on us wiv he tribe 'fo' we done spec' he nigh, an' cotch us all an' tie us up, an' mahch us, mahch us, mahch us, days an' days, till we ritch de sea, an' den a lot o' white men dey teck us 'way in boats, an' I nevuh see my fadduh no mo'. Dey frow me an' my mudduh on a ship wiv heaps an' heaps mo' cullud folks, an' sail us cross de sea to Cuby. Dah dey put my mudduh, de queen, wuckin' in de sugah plahntation, an' I live in de mahsuh's house till I grow up, an' den one day, while my mudduh bean wuckin' in de cane, dey sell me to go to dis kentry, an' I nevuh did see my mudduh no mo'. Dat ten yeahs ago, an' I wuck in de Loosyanna sugah fields an' on de levies till yo' ol' mahs' he buy me an' fotch me heah. Dat's why I done tote my haid high and stret. I ain' no common nigguh! I'se a king! I'se a king! I show yo' some day wevvuh I got a right to be hyuh! I show yo'!"

Dat's w'at Bip he done tol' me, suh, an' I des' guess I di'n go an' be peeuh wiv him no mo'! No, suh! An' I tol' my ol' mammy 'bout Bip bein' a king, an' how she bettuh be keeuhful how she done joggle him, an' she snickuh an' say:

“Doan’ yo’ be a fool nigguh, chile! Dis de lan’ o’ de free, an’ kings ain’ no bettuh hyuh dan mule drivuhs is. De las’ king w’at try to hol’ he haid up an’ stret in dis hyuh kentry bean dat ol’ king w’at send de Breetesh ovuh hyuh to run t’ings, an’ w’at yo’ ol’ mahsuh’s fadduh done he’p sen’ back ag’in wiv a flea in dey eahs. Sho! Dis hyuh Bip bettuh be keeuhful wiv he high haid an’ he stret, or fus’ t’ing he know mahs’ he lay de black snake on ’im! Doan’ yo’ be fool nigguh, chile! Dis de lan’ o’ freedom, an’ mahs’ he done whup de gizzuhd oat’n dat big-feelin’ fiel’ han’ Bip ef he doan’ quit t’inkin’ it ain’t!”

But, des’ de same, I cain’t he’p feelin’ dat Bip bean a king, an’ I kyine o’ scrooch w’en he came roun’. One mo’nin’ Bip he doan’ tu’n out wid de rest of us to go to de fiel’, an’ de ove’-seeuh he luke ev’whah but cain’t fine hide no’ haiuh of ’im. Bip he done gone, sho’s yo’ bo’n!

“Jicketty!” I say. “Dat oncommon nigguh done p’intin’ fo’ Aff’ky to git he kingdom back! Dat’s w’at he is!”

“He done p’intin’ fo’ Can’dy, dah’s whah he done p’intin’ fo’!” my ol’ mammy say. “An’ w’en dey cotch ’im an’ fotch ’im back, he be

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mighty sorry he try to git 'way fum dis hyuh lan' o' freedom!"

Dey call out de dogs, an' bahmby de dogs dey fine Bip's track, an' 'way dey go, whoo, whoop! It lead 'em plumb todes de big gum swamp, an' swush! into it dey go, ol' mahsuh an' de ove'seeuh close ahine 'em. Mos' half a day it go 'fo' we done heah from 'em, an den ol' mahsuh an' the ove'seeuh dey come back alone. Whah de dogs? An' whah Bip? 'Way off, deep in de swamp, de dogs dey done run Bip down. De ove'seeuh been leadin' ol' mahsuh in de chase, an' he heah de rumpus de dogs meck, an' he meck pow'ful hase to git back 'fo' dey tah Bip to pieces, 'kaze mahs' often say he woan' take ten hundud dolluh fo' dat nigguh. De ove'seeuh git dah des' as de two dogs meck dey jomp fo' Bip's froat. Bip he standin' wiv he back 'gin a big gum tree, flashin' he eyes, an' he haid frowed high. De dogs bean de bigges' an' feeuhses' bloodhoun's in all dat kentry. Dey jomp fo' Bip's front. Bip he ritch out wiv bofe he han's, an' he cletch de win'pipe o' one dog wiv one han', an' he cletch de win'pipe o' d' udduh dog wiv he udduh han', an' dah he hol' 'em out at ahm's lent', squeezin' de life out'n 'em, while

dey kick an' twis' an' wriggle in he mighty cletch. De ove'seeuh he so ove'whem'd wiv s'prise, he des' stan' dah lack he done took root in de swamp, an' w'en he git he senses back, Bip bean tah'n away out o' sight in de tangle, an' de dogs dey bean stretch daid at de foot o' de big gum tree, wiv dey eyes squeezed 'way out on dey cheeks. Ol' mahs' he done come up des' den.

"Whah he is?" he puff, he breff mos' gone.

De ove'seeuh he des' p'int to de dogs layin' dah choked to deff. He cain't say a wud. Mahs' he look, an' he know.

"What a monst'us good nigguh dat Bip is!" he say. "It a mighty shame if he git up Norf dah, an' stahv to deff! We mus' put mo' dogs attuh him!"

So dey kim back an' git mo' dogs, an' whoop 'em 'long de trail. De dogs dey desp'rit eaguh to git hold o' dat runaway till dey come to whah d'udduh two dogs lay daid, wiv dey eyes belgin' out. Den dey stop an' sniff an' luke pow'ful skeepuht, an' dey woan' go 'nudduh step on de trail, suh? No, suh! Not 'nudduh step, an' mahsuh no' de ove'seeuh cain't make 'em! So dah ain' nuffin' fo' to do but to come back an' 'lahm de kentry all roun' an' wahn folks to keep

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a right smaht eye out fo' Bip, an' fotch 'im back to ol' mahsuh w'en dey fine 'im. But dey nevuh did fine 'im, suh ! No, suh ! Dey nevuh did. Ev' time I t'ink o' Bip attuh he gone I say :

"He a king, sho'ly, an' he des' natch'ly gone back to Aff'ky to git he kingdom !"

But I doan' say dat to my ol' mammy no mo', 'kaze she desp'rit put out at Bip fo' skitin' 'way fum dat dah lan' o' freedom, an' she swat me, sho's yo' bo'n !

Dis hyuh done happen in de ahly spring, an' long todes de eend o' summuh one day dah come a queeuh-lookin' man to de plahntation. He wo' long hah, an' booshy w'iskuhs, an' a wool hat.

"Dis hyuh de McKeevuh plahntation ?" he say.

Mahsuh tol' him dat dah bean de McKeevuh plahntation.

"Dis hyuh Cunnel McKeevuh ?" de stranguh say.

"Yes, suh," mahs' he say.

"Yo' done los' a nigguh name Bip ?" de stranguh he say.

"No, suh !" mahs' he say. "De nigguh name Bip he don los' heself !"

"No diff'nce !" de stranguh he say, wavin' he han'. "I come hyuh to buy dat nigguh !"

Ol' mahs' he luke at dat man lack he t'ink he crazy.

"Waffo' yo' talk dat a-way, man?" mahs' he say. "How kin I sail yo' dat nigguh w'en I ain't got 'im to sail?"

"No diff'nce!" de man he say, wavin' he han' ag'in. "I done got 'im! No, I hain', needuh! He done got me!"

Ol' mahs' he luke at dat man some mo', an' den he git pow'ful mad, an' swah desp'rites' kyine.

"Yo' got my nigguh?" he holluh. "Waffo yo' doan' fotch 'im back, den! Waffo' yo' doan' fotch 'im back? Dat man Bip wuff mo'n ten hund'd dolluhs, suh!"

"I done give yo' mo'n ten hund'd dolluhs fo' 'im!" de man he holluh, des' as loud as ol' mahsuh, but not mad; des' eaguh.

Den mahs' he luke pow'ful s'prise, but he danduh it keep riz, an' he holluh:

"Yo' fotch my nigguh back or I meck yo' wush yo' nevuh been bo'n, suh! Yo' got my nigguh! Waffo' yo' doan' fotch him back?"

"Cunnel," de man he say, kyine o' soovin', "des' yo' hahk to me! Des' yo' hahk to me a spell, an' I done tell yo' why I doan' fotch 'im

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back. I live 'way, 'way ovuh yon in de Tennessee mountains. Right in de wilduhness, 'suh, lack John de Baptis', only John de Baptis' he nevuh did have a wife an' chillun, an' I doan' live on locus'es and wile honey. I live on co'n bread an' bah meat and ven'zun. I live up dah in de wilduhness, 'kase I doan' lack de ways o' de wul', an' my wife she doan' lack de ways o' de wul', and my chillun dey des natch'ly live dah wiv us. So we move into dat wilduhness, rise a face camp, an' settles down snugges' kyine, suh. Neighbuhs dey bean pow'ful skeeuhce, an' dey weekeduh dan dey is skeeuhce, an' I pritch de gospel to 'em ef I git de chance, tryin' to tu'n 'em fum dey weeked ways. But dey's mighty stubb'n! Mighty stubb'n, suh!

"Des' 'bout a week now I keel couple o' fat deeuh in de wudes, an' fotch 'em in an' heng 'em at de front do' o' de face camp. De front do' of a face camp, suh, is de hull o' dat side o' de cabin, so's de air, an' de light o' de moon, an' de rain, too, dey have plenty room to git in. I heng dem deeuh up at de front do' o' de camp, an' in de night de dogs dey weck me up wiv dey despr'it bahkin', an' I rise up in de bunk. De free chillun dey sleepin' in 'nudduh bunk des'

ovuh dat un. De moon shinin' lack day in de camp, an' I see two big bahs out do's, w'at snick out'n de wudes to steal dem deeuh coccuss. De noise it weck up de wife an' de chillun, an' dey see w'at meck de trouble, an' dey scream an' holluh pow'ful. W'en de bahs see de dogs, dey resh at 'em, an' de dogs dey scrummidge plumb into de camp. De bahs dey swoop in attuh de dogs. I jomp fum bed des' den, an' de bahs mos' run me down an' tromp me in de groun'. Fust ting I do I he'p my wife up to de bunk whah de chillun is, out'n ritch o' de trouble, as I done t'ink. Nex' t'ing I know I bean mixed up wiv dogs an' bahs in de desp'rites' skrimmidge w'at evuh happen in de Tennessee mountains. Dey cram me 'gin de eend de cabin, an' it only des' bean pine sidin', right unduh de bunks, an' de cabin it sheck an' tremble lack it done tumble in a heap nex' minute. I know dat it kin only be des' a leetle spell 'fo' I be ripped to pieces by dem bahs, an' I des' holluh'n to my wife to jomp wiv de chillun an' run fo' dey lives out'n dah, w'en sumpin' dahk'd de moonlight, an' I glance dat way. W'at 'peah'd to be a monst'us big man kim reshin' in de camp. I see a long knife blade shinin' in he han', an' den he bean

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cuttin' an' sloshin' at dem bahs de despr'ites' kyine. I see 'im slide dat knife clean to de helt in one bah, an' it drap like a log ag'in de eend o' de shecky cabin. Des' den d' udduh bah had he fangs mos' fasten in my froat, an' dey bean dah in annuduh second, an' rip it to strings, w'en de man he frow heself on dat bah an' slash it open 'most fum eend to eend. It tumble ag'in de shecky cabin, an' crash! come de camp down an' kivvuh us deep 'neaf de timbuhs!

"I creep out'n dat wrack somehow anudduh an' dig fo' de rest. I heah my wife an' chillun shricken' an' holluh'n, an' I know dey cain't be daid, but de pow'ful man w'at drap in fum some-whah an' save us fum de bahs, I cain't heah 'im, an' I cain't see 'im. I dig out de wife an' de chilluns, an' dey been mo' skeeuht dan hu't. Den we all mine fo' de man, an' bahmby we on-kivvuh him, an' we see dat he black—de blackes' man I evuh did see, suh! He monst'us to' up by bahs, an' he crunched despr'it by de wrack, an' we t'ink he daid, sho'ly. We pull him out an' do fo' him, an' bahmby he ope' he eyes, an' we know he ain' daid, an' we keep at 'im, and w'en mo'nin' come he kin rise to he feet, but he despr'it clawed up! We feel des' lack we

mus' drap on de groun' 'fo' dat man an' wush'p him fo' what he do, but fo' we kin say a wud he rise to he feet, frow up he haid monst'us high, fold he ahms cross he ches', an' say :

“ ‘ I'se a runaway nigguh ! ’

“ ‘ No diff'nce ! ’ I say. ‘ Yo' stay right hyuh till yo' git well, an' den we he'p yo' ! ’

“ Den he wilt right down, suh, an' tell us how he feel he bean made to be a mastuh heseff, not a slave, an' how he run away fum yo', suh, dough yo' bean pow'ful kyine mastuh, an' he bean free months getting to de Tennessee mountains on his way Norf, an' how he happen to stumble on my camp des' as de bah wus rippin' me to pieces, an' des' pitch in an' save ouh lives, suh. ”

“ I meck up my min' dat very minute, an' I des' stay dah long enough to rise anudduh camp, an' den tell Bip—he tol' me he name—to stay dah till I come back, 'kase I gwan 'way on some business, an' I junney ovuh hyuh, suh, an' I want to buy dat nigguh ! I mus' own dat nigguh, suh ! ”

Ol' mahs' he listen to all dat story, an' sometimes he breave hahd an' git mois' in he eye, but w'en de stranguh say he mus' own dat nigguh, he danduh rise ag'in, an he swah an holluh :

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"What! Yo' ongrateful hippincrit! Attuh w'at he done do fo' yo', yo' want to own dat nigguh! I desp'rit notion to squash yo' to de groun'!"

"Des hahk a minute, Cunnel!" de man he say. "I mus' own dat nigguh! I mus' own dat nigguh 'kase I want to set him free, an' let him go whah he please in dis hyuh wide wul'!"

"I be damn if yo' do!" ol' mahs' he holluh. "Dat nigguh wuff mo'n ten hund'd dolluhs, an' I woan' sell 'im to you,' an' yo' nevuh shall set 'im free! No, suh! I'll set 'im free myseff, suh!"

An' ol' mahs' he done draw up de papuhs w'at sot Bip free, an' give 'em to de man fum de Tennessee mountains, an' de man he des' natch'ly mos' cry he eyes out, an' go away sayin' ol' mahsuh boun' to go plumb to heaven, sho's he bo'n! But my o' mammy she desp'rit put out.

"Mahs' he done gwan crazy, dat a fac'!" she say. "Sho! Castin' dat nigguh out o' dis hyuh lan' o' freedom on to de col' wul' lack dat!"

Time it jog on an' jog on, an' we doan' heah no mo' o' Bip, 'cep' de t'ankful wuds he send mahsuh in a lettuh fum de Tennessee mountain man.

Den bahmby de wah it done come along.
Times dey gittin' mighty hot, an' mahsuh jine
de ahmy to go he'p swip de Yankees back fum
dat 'dah lan' o' freedom.

"Dey mus' be gittin' desp'rit weak up Norf,"
mahs' he say. "Dey send'n' nigguh sojuhs down
hyuh to he'p 'em!"

Mahsuh go to de wah, an' he a pow'ful fightuh.
On day in a monst'us hahd battle he fine heseff
cut off from he men an' s'rounded by a heap o'
Yankees. He cut an' slash an' fight lack a
tighuh, but dah bean too many 'gin him. He lose
he pistols an' he sawd, an' a Yankee sojuh have
he gun aim plumb at mahsuh's haht. Des' den
a nigguh sojuh come reshin' froo, frowin' d'
udduh sojuhs heah an' dah lack chaff befo' de
win'. He dash heself 'gin ol' mahsuh des' de
time dat Yankee sojuh pull de trigguh of de gun
w'at he aim' plumb at mahsuh's haht. De bullet
it sink in dat po' nigguh sojuh 'sted of in ol'
mahsuh, des' as mahsuh see him an' know him
an' holluh:

"Bip!"

Yes, suh! It bean Bip. He des' nod he haid
an' smile, an' die in ol' mahsuh's ahms!

When mahsuh come home fum de wah an'

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tell 'bout dat, I des' belluh lack a baby, an' say,
an' say to dis day:

“Po' Bip! A king? Sho! Mo' dan a king
he bean, sho'ly!”

THE BONES OF BOZAR BUNN.

THE BONES OF BOZAR BUNN.

Being the Marvelous Tale of How They were
Scattered and Found Again after the Persistent
Visits of the Boisterous Spooks and the
Specter Dog.

ONE time, oh, so long ago dat my ol' mammy she only des' 'membuh it 'kaze huh ol' mammy done tol' huh 'bout it, man named 'Kiah Juffkin he kim down yon 'long de Cape Fair Rivuh an' teck a plahntation. He bean monst'ous queeuh man, dat 'Kiah Juffkin bean, an' he sistuh Joan she bean mighty queeuh wooman. Dey bofe mighty ol', an' dey done look so scraggy and skimpy dat ev'body down dah dey fowt shy of 'em, and a heap o' people say :

“ Huh ! Des' yo' mine w'at we done tell yo' ! Dem Juffkinses dey bean hoodoos ! Des' yo' mine ! Dey hoodoo somebody 'round hyuh, fus' t'ing yo' know ! ”

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But dey nevuh did hoodoo nobody roun' dah, not 'co'din' to w'at my ol' mammy evuh heah huh ol' mammy say, but dey done do wussuh t'ing dan hoodoo! Sho! I des' bet ol' Satan he bean mos' lahfin' heseff to deff, dese yeahs an' yeahs, suh, seein' 'Kiah Juffkin an' he sistuh Joan roas'in' an' toas'in' an' weepin' an' wailin' an' gnashin' dey teef!

Bozuh Bunn he bean a peddluh w'at done tote he pack froo dat kentry so long dat ev'boday know him des' lack dey know dey ownseff. An' dey know Bozuh's ol' w'ite dog des' well dey know Bozuh, an' ef some time Bozuh he happen to come 'long dat a-way, an' dey doan' see dat dog joggin' 'long close 'hind Bozuh's heels, my ol' mammy say she bet dey holluh:

"Jicketty! Dis hyuh wul' comin' to an end, sho'ly."

One day Bozuh he leave de Chink plahntation, whah he done sell some o' he goods, an' say he gwan to de Dubbs plahntation. De Dubbs plahntation bean eight miles fudduh on, an' night it mos' fallin'. So de Chink folks dey say:

"Reckon yo' bettuh stay hyuh till mo'nin', Bozuh."

But Bozuh he say, "Cain't do it. Dey 'spect-

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in' me to de Dubbs plahntation to-night. I got mighty fine t'ings fo' Janey, w'at gwan to git mah'd, an' she be pow'ful dis'pinted if I doan' git dah to-night."

So 'way Bozuh he go, de ol' w'ite dog joggin' close 'hind he heels. Nex' day young Mahsuh Joe Dubbs he kim to de Chink plahntation.

"Bozuh Bunn bean hyuh?" he say.

De Chink folks dey say, "Why, sho'ly!"

"Whah he done gone?" young Mahsuh Joe he say.

De Chink folks, dey say: "Why, he done gone to your plahntation lahs' night!"

"He nevuh did git dah!" young Mahsuh Joe he say.

An' he nevuh did, suh! Nevuh! Folks dey inquiah ev'whah. Lahs' anybody done see o' Bozuh, Sam Pool he meet him an' he dog, nigh de Juffkin cabin dat night, des' 'bout dahk. Folks go dis a-way, dat a-way, all roun' de kentry, but nobody nevuh see po' Bozuh no' he dog attuh dat. Den folks dey 'gin to talk.

"Jicketty!" dey say. "Nobody doan' spec' Bozuh an' he dog done bean snatch up an' toted 'way to de skies, lack ol' 'Lijuh, does dey? Co'se not! Den whah dey is? Nobody doan' spec'

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Bozuh an' he dog done sonk down to de bottomless pit in de twenkle of an eye, does dey? Co'se not? Den whah dey is? We done tell yo' whah dey is!" folks gin to say. "Dey's whah ol' 'Kiah Juffkin an' he sistuh Joan done put 'em! Dah's whah dey is!"

Dis hyuh bean pow'ful strong talk, an' bahmby ev'body dey t'ink it mus' be de troof, sho'ly, an' dey go up to de Juffkin plahntation to see 'bout it. Nobody dah! Cabin empty as a dippuh tu'n upside down, suh! 'Kiah an' Joan dey done gone, an' nobody 'cep' ol' Satan, who done bean dey stiddy company ev' sence, suh, nevuh did see 'em no mo'.

Time it pahs, an' pahs, an' pahs. Nobody keeuh to teck up de Juffkin plahntation, an' it lie dah desp'rit spooky. Den 'long kim Mahs' Henry Dew, fum down in de Peedee kentry.

"Why!" he say. "Waffo' dat plahntation gwan to shucks?"

Folks dey done tell him why dat plahntation gwan to shucks.

"Poof!" he say. "I teck dat plahntation!"

An' Mahs' Henry done teck it, an' he tah down de ol' cabin, an' 'gin to dig foundation fo' new one. He men dey ain't dig mo'n free feet

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'fo dey tu'n up a heap o' bones ! De men dey drap dey tools an' run.

"Mahs' Henry ! Mahs' Henry !" dey holluh.
"We done fine po' Bozuh's bones ?"

"How yo' know dey Bozuh's bones ?" Mahs' Henry he say.

"Mus' be Bozuh's bones, Mahs' Henry !" dey holluh. "Ain' no udduh pusson 'cep' Bozuh los' any bones 'roun' hyuh, suh."

But Mahs' Henry he say. "Poof ! Meb' dey's Bozuh's bones and meb' dey ain't. S'pose dey is ? Bozuh doan' want 'em no mo'. Dey ain' no use to Bozuh."

So Mahs' Henry he teck an' chuck de bones off in de bresh.

"Dah," he say ; "fus' time Bozuh comes 'long dis a-way 'quiah'n fo' he bones, des' tell him dey layin' ovuh yon in de bresh, an' if he want 'em he kin go git 'em !"

Mahs' Henry he lahf lack he mos' tickle to deff wiv he joke, but bahmby time kim w'en he lahf on d'udduh side he face, suh ! Bahmby de new house it done, an' Mahs' Henry he fotch he folks an' move in. Dey ain' got squah settle down yit, 'fo' a pow'ful oneasy ghos' it 'gin to come dah an' mingle wiv 'em, an' skeeuh 'em

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mos' out dey senses, suh ! It done kick ovuh de cheeuhs an' de tables, an' it breck de deeshes in de pahntry, an' it rattle de windows an' bang de do's desp'rites' kyine. Ev' day dis hyuh ghos' do dat, an' nobody kin see him, o' co'se. An' ev' night dis hyuh ghos' it keep a sheckin' suffin' 'bout Mahs' Henry's eahs, when he go to bed, an' dat sheckin' it des' natch'ly soun' like nuffin' but bones in a bag, `suh ! Den, ev' little w'ile, de win' it swip an' swoop froo de house lack it chasin' suffin' mighty fas', an' duh ain' no window open fo' dat win' to get in ! An' duh ain' no win' blowin' on de outside, anyhow, suh ! Dat bean a mighty peeuh't ghos' ! Mighty peeuh't, suh !

An' w'at mo' yo' t'ink ? Jicketty ! I des' natch'ly git creepy all ovuh to t'ink of it my ownseff ! A big w'ite dog, it teck to comin' d'ah. Dey see him plain 'nough, but w'en dey t'ink dey go nigh him, sometimes he des' float up lack a fedduh, an' sometimes he des' fade 'way lack he nev' been dah at all ! An' all de timè he look monst'ous feeuhs, an' snap an' snahl an' gnash he teef !

Den folks dey 'gin to say : " Huh, huh ! Dat's po' Bozuh Bunn an' he ol' w'ite dog ! Dat's who

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it is! Mahs' Henry an' he folks dey nev' have no peace no' mo', 'less dey done git Bozuh's bones togevjuh an' put 'em whah dey keep! Bozuh he only des' back hyuh 'quiah'n fo' he bones, an' de dog he back hyuh to he'p him git 'em! Dat's all!"

Mahs' Henry he cain't do nuffin' but t'ink so, too, but he pow'ful stubb'n, an' one night, w'en dat ghos' bean sheckin' he bag roun' Mahs' Henry's haid, Mahs' Henry he holluh:

"Look-a hyuh, yo' Bozuh! Waffo' yo' doan' go off yon in de bresh an' git yo' ol' bones! I ain' got yo' bones! Dey off yon in de bresh! I ain' got no time to gevjuh up ol' bones! Ef yo' done want yo' bones, waffo' yo' doan' go off yon in de bresh an' git 'em? Yo' mos' onreasonbles' ghos' I ev' see! G'way fum hyuh!"

But dat ghos' it doan' pay no 'tention to Mahs' Henry, an' de tables an' de cheeuhs dey done keep upsettin', an' de deeshes dey done breck, breck, breck, an' de win' it done whush froo dat house, an' rattle an' bang de windows, mo' and mo', an' wussuh dan evuh. An' de ghos' dog! Jicketty! How he do git madduh an' madduh! Um-m-m—um! how dat ghos' dog do git madduh an' madduh! Bahmby Mahs' Henry's wife

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she des' done cain't stan' it no longuh. She nigh crazy, an' one day she say :

“Yo', Henry Dew! Ef yo' doan' go gevvuh up po' Bozuh's bones an' plahnt 'em in de groun' lack Chreestian men ot a-be, so Bozuh kin git he 'tahnal res', den I done gwan to do it myseff, suh! I bean gittin' pow'ful tahd o' dis hyuh!”

But Mahs' Henry he mighty stubb'n, an' he swah an' swah, an' say damn ef he do it!

Den Mahs' Henry's wife she bean good as huh wud, suh, an' she done jog out to de bresh to gevvuh up po' Bozuh's bones an' plahnt 'em lack Chreestian bones ot a-be, but w'at yo' t'ink? She sahch an' she sahch in de bresh, but she cain't only des' fine two, free little pieces o' Bozuh! 'Peahs lack po' Bozuh done bean scat-tuh to de win's, suh! Mahs' Henry's wife she pow'ful wuck up ovuh dis hyuh, an' she des' bean meckin' up huh mine to pick huhseff up an' go back to de ol' Peedee, w'en de troof it breck in on huh. She done scampuh back to de house fas' her laigs kin tote huh.

“Yo', Henry Dew!” she holluh. “Yo' hahk to me, suh! I done spec' yo' doan' know who aiggin' dese hyuh ghos'es on, do yo'?”

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Mahs' Henry he say, "Aiggin' 'em on! Poof! Who could aig a ghos' on?"

"I tell yo' who aiggin' dese hyuh ghos'es on!" Mahs' Henry's wife she holluh. "Ol' Mahs' Gabr'el heseff! Dat's who! Ol' Mahs' Gabr'el! Dat's who aiggin' dese hyuh ghos'es on!"

Mahs' Henry he skeeuh a lettlet, an' bahmby he say, "Wa-wa-waffo' kyine o' talk dis hyuh!"

"Yo' hahk to me!" Mahs' Henry's wife she holluh. "I done bean ovuh yon in de bresh to gevjuh up po' Bozuh's bones, an' 'peahs lack dey bean scattuh to do win's, 'kaze I cain't fine only des' two, free little bits! Whah de res'? Dat's wat ol' Mahs' Gabr'el he want to know! Mahs' Gabr'el he gwan to be pow'ful busy w'en he toot he ho'n on de great day! He cain't teck time to jog all 'roun' dis hyuh Cape Fair kentry gevvin' up Bozuh's bones, so Bozuh kin rise an' be dah des' like Chreestian people ot a-be! No, suh! He want Bozuh all in one heap, an' he done gwan to have him dat a-way, too! So he des' bean aiggin' dese hyuh ghos'es on, to meck yo' gevjuh dem bones, an' yo' won't nevuh have no res' till yo' done gevjuh 'em. An' yo' hahk to me! Ef yo' doan' gevjuh dem bones an' plahnt 'em lack Chreestian bones ot a-be, whah yo' spec'

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yo' fine yoseff w'en Mahs' Gabr'el toot he ho'n?
Yo' done fine yoseff roas'in' an' toas'in', gnashin'
yo' teef, nex' do' neighbuh to ol' 'Kiah Juffkin
an' he sistuh Joan! Dah's whah yo' done fine
yoseff, suh!"

Jicketty! Dis done skeeuh Mahs' Henry
mos' in fits, an' he git ovuh he stub'ness mighty
quick, an' declah he staht out dat minute to git
po' Bozuh's bones togevvh. Den he lahn heap
o' tings 'bout dem bones. He lahn dey done
bean kick roun' by dis boy hyuh, an' dat boy dah,
an' 'nudduh boy 'way ovuh yon. He lahn dat
one pusson 'way up de Cape Fair fine dat Bozuh's
hip bone it bean pow'ful good t'ing to crack lick'
nuts wiv, and dat pusson done took it up to he
plahntation. Mahs' Henry he lahn 'nudduh
pusson 'way down de Cape Fair fine Bozuh's shin
bone it cain't be beat, suh, fo' scrapin' hah off'n
pigs w'en dey bean scald at keelin' time, an' dat
pusson done gone took it down to he plahntation.
Mahs' Henry he fine dis hyuh bone it bean seen
setch a place; dat dah bone it bean seen setch
'nudduh place, an' yon bone it bean seen 'nudduh
place.

"Jicketty!" he say. 'Dis hyuh done gwan to
be lack sahchin fo' a needle in haystacks!"

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But Mahs' Henry he sahch an' he sahch. He jog hyuh, he jog dah, he jog ev'whah. One by one he gevvuh dem bones an' plahnt 'em side by side, till he have ev' one but po' Bozuh's skell. An' mo' an' mo' bones he gevvuh, mo' an' mo' dem ghos'es 'peahs to git easy in dey mine. Dat bag it hahdly rattle' 'bout Mahs' Henry's eahs no mo'—des' 'nough to weck 'im two, free times ev' night, to 'mind him dat Bozuh's skell it ain't bean foun' yit. De cheeuhs an' de tables dey doan' git kick 'way ovuh no mo', but only des' topple an' tottuh; an' ef any deeshes done breck, dey bean des' no 'count trash, w'at Mahs' Henry's folks doan' keeuh wevvuh dey breck or not. An' dat ghos' dog! Jicketty! He done quit snappin' an' snahlin', an' 'peahs des' lack he feelin' right smaht, an' mos' have a notion to wag he tail! An' dat win' it doan' swoop an' swoosh froo de house an' rattle de winduhs no mo' but des' puff, puff, lack a summuh breeze, suh! so Mahs' Henry he say:

"Dese hyuh ghos'es ain cuttin' up no mo'," he say. "We doan' mine 'em. Guess I tu'n de job o' fin'in Bozuh's skell ovuh to ol' Mahs' Gabr'el w'en he toot he ho'n. I cain't fine it!"

Den he done quit sahchin' fo' de skell, an'

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w'at yo' t'ink? Dem ghos'es dey staht in wus-suh'n evuh, suh, till Mahs' Henry he teck it all back an' 'gin to sahch ag'in fo' Bozuh's skell. He sahch, an' he sahch, an' he sahch, an' he cain't fine hide no' hah o' dat skell, an' bahmby he say, "I done gwan to skin 'way fum des hyuh kentry! I ain' gwan to spen' all res' my days sahchin' fo' an' ol' boney skell, Gabr'el or no Gabr'el!" An' next day Mahs' Henry he skun! He skun right froo de ol' gum swamp, but he ain' skun fah, suh, w'en a big fat 'possum push up 'haid of him, an' jump up a tree. Dah it sot on a limb, grinnin' down at Mahs' Henry. Dat meck Mahs' Henry pow'ful mad, an' he look 'roun' to fine suffin' to chuck at de 'possum. He s'prise to see a rock lyin' in de roots of a tree nigh dah.

"Jicketty!" he holluh. "How dat dah rock git in dis hyuh swamp?"

He grab fo' de rock to chuck it at de 'possum, an' de rock it rise so sudden w'en he grab it he mos' tumble ovuh backuds. Mahs' Henry he gaze at de rock, an' he eyes pop out o' he haid desp'rites' kyine. Waffo' dey done pop up? Waffo' you spec' dey done pop? Des' 'kaze w'at he hol' in he han' ain' no rock at all, suh, but po' ol'

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Bozuh's skell. Mahs' Henry he des' lif' one
yoop out'n hesself, an' away he skun back home.
I reckon dah bean de hallylooyuh'nes' time dah
den w'at anybody ev' did heah 'long de Cape Fair
Rivuh ! An' dey plahnt Bozuh's skell 'longside
res' o' he po' ol' bones, an' dem ghos'es dey nevuh
did come back no mo'.

Dat's w'at my ol' mammy done tol' me, an'
huh ol' mammy done tol' huh ; so, I reckon it
must be a fac', suh, sho'ly !

THE CRANKY CRANE.

THE CRANKY CRANE.

Black Homer, Not Committing Himself, Gives
His Old Mammy's Version of the Conspiracy
between the First Turkey Buzzard and the
Original Water Moccasin against the First
Crane.

I DOAN' spec' yo' evuh did heah, suh, dat de crane, dough it mighty fon' o' feesh, doan' evuh eat mullet? I doan' spec' yo' evuh did heah dat, suh? I doan' say so? No, suh, I doan' say so. I doan' say nuffin o' de kyine, suh. I done ax yo' dat I spec' yo' nevuh do heah dat de crane doan' evuh eat mullet. Dat's w'at I done say, suh. I doan' say de crane nevuh do eat mullet. I des' ax yo' dat I spec' yo' nevuh do heah dat it doan'. Do yo' evuh heah dat, suh? No?

I done t'ink maybe yo' nevuh do heah dat. I done t'ink so. Den co'se yo' doan' know dat w'en de crane he stan' in de wahtuh on he one

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laig, feeshin', an' no mattuh ef he be hongry de desp'rites' kyine, all de mullets in dat rivuh dey kin skrummige by him an' he nevuh will shoot he neck down to cotch a single one, not ef he stan' dah an' stahv heseff to deff, suh. Co'se yo' doan' know dat, den. An' co'se, den yo' doan' know dat de wahtuh moc'sins dey des'gloat w'en dey see hongry ol' crane feeshin' fo' he dinnuh, an' skittuh heah an' dah an' ev'whah froo de wahtuh, chasin' all d' udduh kyine o' feesh 'way off fum de crane an' chasin' de mullets so dey skrummige right by him, 'kaze de moc'sins dey know de crane he doan' eat mullet, dough de mullet it bean de fattes' an' de juicies' an' de sweetes' feesh in dat wahtuh. An' de moc'sins dey des' lie back an' grin an' hug deyseffs w'en dey do dat, an' t'ink w'at pummeatin' fools de cranes done bean to let all dat lickin' good feesh meat go, des' 'kaze dey b'lieve ef dey gobble a mullet dey boun' to die des' de nex' minute, an' de moc'sins dey know dat dat ain' no setch a t'ing. Co'se yo' doan' know dat, den. An' co'se, den, yo' doan' know dat w'en de tucky buzzards dey see a hongry ol' crane feeshin' on he one laig, maybe mo'n half a day many times, an' dey know de sweet an' fat an' juicy mullets

been skrummigin' right by him, an' all d' udduh kyine o' feesh been skrummigin' 'way off from him, dey des' succle roun' an roun' an' cas' dey eyes down on him, an' lahf to deyseffs an' chuckle, 'kaze dey know, like de wahtuh moc'sin do, why de crane t'ink he cain' eat dem mullets, an' dey know he bein' fooled de monst'uses' kyine, an' dey havin' dey gloat an' dey vengeance, too, des' like de moc'sin done havin' his'n. Co'se yo' doan' know dat, den. Co'se not.

Den de fus' t'ing, I mus' wahn yo', an' 'press it on yo' mine, suh, dat I doan' say dat I know dese hyuh t'ings. I doan' say so, suh. I des' only say dat co'se yo' doan' know 'em. Dat's w'at I say, suh. Des' 'membuh dat, an' den yo' woan' fo'git it. I reckon I could know dem t'ings long, long time ago, dough, ef I only could teck de time to watch out fo' dem, but, jicketty! I t'ink I got a right smaht mo' tings to do dan swabbleate 'long a rivuh, watchin' a hongry ol' crane missin' a mighty fine dinnuh 'kaze he a fool an' doan' know it! An' I doan' t'ink I gwan strain my eyes at dis hyuh time o' life squeejin' 'em down unduh de wahtuh des' to see a p'ison moc'sin grin he ugly mouf! No, suh! An' I

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reckon my eahs kin do bettuh dan frow deyseffs up in de aih des' to hahk ef dey kin heah a raw-head ol' tucky buzza'd chucklin'! Sho! I reckon so! Duh bean a heap o' t'ings on dis hyuh erf, an' unduh dis hyuh erf, an' 'bove dis hyuh erf, suh, dat folks doan' know des' 'kaze dey hain' foun' 'em out; but dat doan' say dey ain' so, do it? No, suh! Jicketty! W'at a heap o' t'ings duh bean w'at folks doan' know! An' I reckon dis hyuh done bean one of 'em.

'Peahs lack my ol' mammy's mammy she know ev't'ing. She live down yon 'long de Cape Fair Rivuh de time w'en mos' ev't'ing mus' bean des' happ'nin', an' ef she doan' see 'em she heah 'bout 'em w'ile dey bean fresh, an' she doan' fo'git 'em. But co'se she doan' see dis hyuh happen, 'kaze it happen w'en de fus' crane, an' de fus' wahtuh moc'sin, an' de fus' tucky buzza'd done spreng up, but she heah it straight, suh, an' she done tell it straight to my ol' mammy, an' my ol' mammy done tell it to me.

"It bean a monst'us shame," my ol' mammy done say, "de way de wahtuh moc'sin an' de tucky buzza'd dey joggle dat po' crane! Ef I on'y bean dah," she say, "I bet yo' I done scrunch dat moc'sin's haid, an' I des' wring dat

buzza'd's neck till the fedduhs dey fly lack I bean a wilecat at 'em! Sho! Dat monst'us!"

'Peahs lack w'en de fus' tucky buzza'd he spreng up he bean pow'ful lonesome, an' he scrummige roun' to see ef duh bean any comp'ny in dem woods. Bahmby he see suffin' on de aidege de rivuh, standin' dah in de wahtuh on one laig, an' dat laig bean mighty long an' slim. An' de suffin's haid have a long bill, an' 'peahs lack it shoot squah outen its breas'. De suffin' it look mighty solemn, des' lack it sorry it bean spreng up.

"Jicketty!" de tucky buzza'd he say. "Dat bean a queeuh t'ing! Waffo' it on'y got one laig? An' waffo' it all huffle up dah, wiv its haid stickin' outen it breas'? I bet yo' dat dah bean a hoppy toad! I des' gwan to go ovuh dah an' fine out."

An' de tucky buzza'd he succle ovuh dah an' light on a limb an' look down on de suffin' w'at done puzzle him. De suffin' it cock its eye up at de buzza'd, but doan' say a wud. Bahmby de tucky buzza'd he holluh down an' say:

"W'at yo' is, down dah?"

'Peahs lack de suffin' it kyine o' tetchy, an' it drap anudduh laig w'at bean scrumpled up

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'long its stomach, an' it lift its haid offen its breas', an' it rise a neck up till de suffin's haid mos' ritch up whah de tucky buzza'd done sot on de limb. De tucky buzza'd he so 'flummixed at dis hyuh dat he mos' tumble offen de limb 'fo' he kin cotch heseff, an' he rise highuh in de tree, wid he eyes a belgin'. De suffin' it holluh :

"I'se a crane, I is!" it holluh to de tucky buzza'd. "Dat's w'at I is!"

De tucky buzza'd he git ovuh he flummix, an' he lahf, an' he say :

"Sho!" he say. "W'at a crackinacious fool I done bean! Co'se yo's a crane! Anybody kin tell dat, des' to look at yo'!" he say.

Den de crane it swoshle down ag'in, wiv its haid on its breas', an' one laig scrumpled up ag'in its stomach. Den bahmby de tucky buzza'd he holluh :

"W'at yo' doin' down dah?"

De crane it holluh back :

"Feeshin'!"

Den bahmby de tucky buzza'd he drap down on de groun', but doan' come very nigh de crane, 'kaze he ain' des' sahtin 'bout it yit, an' he say :

“Waffo’ yo’ feeshin’?”

“‘Kaze I want my dinnuh!” de crane say.

Den de tucky buzza’d he come a leetle nighuh de crane, ‘kaze he t’ink he kin do de crane a favuh, an’ he face de crane an’ say :

“‘Peahs lack yo’ done been was’in’ yo’ time feeshin’ fo’ yo’ dinnuh,” he say. “Ef yo’ des’ come wiv me——”

But all dis time de crane it bean aidgin’ ‘way from de tucky buzza’d, an’ ‘fo’ de buzza’d kin finish w’at he gwan to say de crane bus’ out an’ holluh :

“Phew!” it holluh. “Go ‘way from hyuh! Yo’ breff it ‘nuff to kill a Peedee nigguh! Whoosh! Go ‘way, suh! and teck yo’ breff wiv yo’! Mighty Gabr’el!” de crane it holluh. “Dat wuss dan de plaig of Idjup!”

Now, dat bean a solemn fac’, suh. Tucky buzza’d’s breffs, dey bean mighty ramifyin’. To dis very day tucky buzza’d’s breffs is so capacious dat if evuh yo’ meet one, attuh dat bad aigs dey ‘peah to yo’ lack honeysuckles in de gahden. But it bean mighty onpolite fo’ de crane to declah it so monst’us to dat fus’ tucky buzza’d, an’ de tucky buzza’d he feel desp’rit hu’t in he haht. He wobble away, an’ de fudduh

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he go de mo' he feel hu't, till bahmby he feel pow'ful 'dignant. Den he stop an' brestle up, an' sheck he haid.

"Dat spindle shank crane done cut me to de haht!" he declah. "Dat crane done insult me monst'us! Dat a mo'tal insult! I boun' to fix dat crane, I is! I boun' to do it!"

Den de tucky buzza'd he t'ink very hahd w'at he kin do to fix dat onpolite crane, an' w'ile he t'inkin' he heah suffin' say :

"W'at de crane done do to yo', suh?"

De tucky buzza'd he look dat a-way, an' he see a long, slim creatuh stretch on a rock in de rivuh. It so wiggly an' spotty, an' its eyes dey shine so like fiah, an' its tongue it shoot out an' in so skeery, dat de buzza'd he des' gwan to rise an' succle 'way fum dah, w'en de wiggly t'ing it holluh :

"Hol' on, dah! I'se de wahtuh moc'sin. I ain' gwan to hu't yo'! I des' lyin' wide aweck, I is, t'inkin' up how I kin scarcify dat monst'us crane!"

Den de tucky buzza'd he squattle ag'in, an tell de wahtuh moc'sin how de crane done give him de mo'tal insult.

"Poof!" de wahtuh moc'sin say. "Dat

nuffin'. Dat crane it done gobble my nineteen young uns, so it do, lack dey been des so many sugah plums! An' now de monstuh bean down dah feeshin', hopin' I got mo' young uns to come along fo' it to gobble!"

Den de tucky buzza'd an' de wahtuh moc'sin dey 'scuss w'at dey kin do, an' bahmby de tucky buzza'd he lahn dat de wahtuh moc'sin bean a snake wiv a mouf full o' p'ison teef, an' dat ef he bite suffin' dat suffin' it swull up an' swull up, an' bahmby it boun' to die. An' ef suffin' else it eat dat suffin' w'at de wahtuh moc'sin bite, den de suffin' wa't eat it done boun' to die, too. Den de tucky buzza'd he get a idee.

"De crane it bean fon' o' feesh, I reckon?" he says to de wahtuh moc'sin.

"Pow'ful!" de wahtuh moc'sin say.

"Ef de feesh dey 'peah lack dey big an' fat, do de crane lack 'em den?" de tucky buzza'd say.

"Um-m-m-m!" de wahtuh moc'sin say. "Dat des' w'en de crane revel in 'em!"

Den de tucky buzza'd eyes dey glisten, an' he tell de wahtuh moc'sin w'at dat idee o' his'n done bean, an' de wahtuh moc'sin des' wriggle an' twis' an' hiss an' shoot he tongue.

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“Mighty Gabr’el!” he holluh. “Dat monst’us crane nevuh gobble no mo’ young uns o’ mine!”

“Dat crane insult my breff!” de tucky buzza’d holluh. “I bet yo’ he done weesh he had some of it heseff, ’fo’ he many days olduh, ’kaze he woan’ have none o’ he own!”

De crane he done keep on feeshin’ till he cotch he dinnuh, an’ teck some home to he young uns. Nex’ day he feesh some mo’ an’ teck home some mo’ to he young uns. Den he feesh ag’in. He stan’ dah on he one laig, des’ lack he cain’t see nuffin, an’ bahmby up de rivuh he see de pow’fulles’, fattes’, w’ites’ feesh he evuh do see. It p’intin’ right fo’ him, an’ ’peahs lack it been wile an’ crazy, its eyes dey belge so.

“Sho,” de crane say to heseff, “I bet you dat one o’ dem mullets I heah ’bout! Um-m-m! I tase dat feesh a’ready, so I do!”

De feesh it been a mullet, sho’ly, an’ it scrummige right by de crane. De crane it shoot down its long neck an’ it cotch dat mullet so quick de mullet nevuh know w’at strike it. De crane lift de mullet out an’ frow it on de bank. Den he run he eyes ovuh de feesh, an’ he say:

"Dat de fattes' feesh I evuh do see! Dem young uns o' mine dey have dinnuh 'nough des' now. I guess I eat dis hyuh feesh my own-seff."

Dat crane he doan' see de tucky buzza'd glarin' down at him fum de tree, an' he doan' see de wahtuh moc'sin glarin' at him fum de rivuh. He gobble de fat mullet an' rise up an' fly 'way home. Den de tucky buzza'd he lahf and he chuckle, an' de wahtuh moc'sin he wiggle an' twis' and hiss, an' dey bofe gloat and gloat.

"Did yo' p'ison de mullet a heap?" de tucky buzza'd he say.

"Um-m-m!" de wahtuh moc'sin say. "I shove mo' dan free toofs full in him, an' dat boun' to kill a bah, suh, ef he eat dat mullet!"

De crane he fly home, but 'fo' he git dah he 'gin to feel mighty queeuh. W'en he git dah he say to he fambly:

"'Peahs lack dat mullet I done eat doan' 'gree wiv me nohow! Jicketty! It des' twis'n' my innuds lack dey tied in hahd knots! Wow-w-w! Mighty Gabr'el! Dat mullet boun' to tu'n me inside out, sho'ly!"

Den de crane he tumble an' flop on de groun', an' his long laigs dey scramble up into kinks, he

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twine heseff so. Den he wiggle up ag'in, an' he holluh :

“Chillun !” he holluh. “Mullet is makin' yo' po' an' lone o'phans in dis wide wul'! Mullets is too rich fo' cranes! Yo' po' fadduh des' ben lahnin' dat fo' yo'! Doan' yo' nevuh eat mullet, chillun, an' han' it down to yo' chillun's chillun dat dey mus'n' nevuh eat mullets, 'kaze 'peahs lack mullets dey tu'n out to be too rich fo' cranes! Tell yo' mudduh so w'en she git home fum feeshin'.”

An' den de crane he tu'n ovuh an' pass away wivout knowin' dat it bean a mullet p'isoned by de wahtuh moc'sin w'at done kill him. An' co'se de wahtuh moc'sin he nevuh did tell de crane's fambly, an' co'se de tucky buzza'd he nevuh do, an' dat de reason why de crane, down to dis day, he feesh all day, dough he hongry an' he fambly hongry, but he woan't eat mullet. An' dat's de reason de wahtuh moc'sin he chase all d' udduh feesh 'way from de crane, an' de tucky buzza'd he know it, an' dey bofe chuckle an' gloat 'kaze de crane bean setch a pummeatin' fool!

Now, suh, I wahn yo'! I doan' say dat I know dese hyuh t'ings. I des' on'y say dat o' co'se yo' doan' know 'em. But yo' done got

heaps o' time, suh! An' yo' eyes dey des' de
primes' kyine, an' I reckon yo' heah'n cain't be
beat, suh. 'Peahs lack ef I bean yo' I'd des'
dote on knowin' dese hyuh t'ings. I would, suh,
sho'ly!

LITTLE DAVY.

LITTLE DAVY.

Being the Tale of a Tar-heel Witch as Handed
Down by the Black Homer's Old Mammy from
the Archives of the McDade McCrummons
Family of Hackberry Swamp.

I done 'spec' duh been a pow'ful heap o' 'witch-
in' done, yeahs an' yeahs ago, long 'fo' de wah,
suh, down yon in de Cape Fair kentry, fum all
w'at my ol' mammy she done tell me, many,
many times. Heaps an' heaps of it. But I
doan' 'spec' duh evuh bean setch a desp'ut heap
o' 'witchin' nowhah roun' dah, suh, as dat w'at
done happen one time in de ol' McDade Mc-
Crummons fambly, down yon. Um-m-m—um !
how dat fambly done been 'witched ! Desp'utes'
kyine, suh ! Desp'utes' kyine !

Duh bean heaps o' McCrummons in dat
kentry w'en dis hyuh done happen, an' dey all

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kin, one way an' 'nudduh. McDade McCrummons he live on de Hackberry Swamp plahntation, an' he bean a mighty fine man, so my ol' mammy done tell me, an' huh ol' mammy done tell huh so, 'kase huh' ol' mammy bean one o' his niggahs one time, an' she know all about it. Den huh bean de Muggie McCrummons fambly, w'at live on de Scrabble Hill plahntation, an' all huh bean to dat fambly wuz ol' Muggie an' he daughtuh Meg, an' dey setch mighty queeuh folks dat ev'body 'roun' dah dey kyine o' 'feahd of 'em, 'kase huh done bean a heap o' witchin' 'roun' dah, an' udduh folks dey have dey 'spicions. Mighty strong 'spicions, too, suh ! Mighty strong ! But fo' all dat, w'at yo' t'ink ? Meg McCrummons she bean head an' eahs in love wid McDade McCrummons, w'en dey young folks, an' boun' to marry him ! Yes, suh ! But McDade he done treat huh wid skawn, an' say he reckon he go a heap fudduh dan Scrabble Hill w'en he pick out a wife. An' he do, too, fo' w'en he fadduh done die an' leave him de Hackberry Swamp plahntation, bahmby McDade McCrummons he go 'way down de rivuh an' fotch back a wife w'at bean one o' de Rob McCrummons fambly, an' a pow'ful nice, sweet gal she

bean, too. Dat's w'at my ol' mammy's ol' mammy done say.

"But, jicketty!" she say, w'en McDade he done fotch he young bride to de plahntation. "Mahs' McDade he bettuh kip he top eye peel all de time attuh dis! Dat Meg McCrummons she des natch'ly ravin' mad, she is! Ef she nevuh did do no 'witchin' befo' dis, she boun' to try huh han' one o' dese days, sho's yo' bo'n! Mahs' McDade he bean a mighty happy man des' now, but he bettuh kip he top eye peel! I declah I'd rudduh heah ol' Gabr'el blow he trompet dis hyuh minute dan' stan' in Mahs' McDade's shoes, fine as dey is! I would, sho'ly!"

Dat's w'at my ol' mammy's ol' mammy say, but Mahs' McDade, he des' lahf an' say he cain't he'p it, an' anyhow, he say, dah ain' no use to kip he top eye open, 'kaze ef he done gwan to be 'witched dah ain' nuffin' kin stop it. An' so Mahs' McDade an' he wife dey des' natch'ly let t'ings glide along. An' dey glide along, an' dey glide along, yeahs an' yeahs, an' Meg she doan' lif' huh han' to hahm Mahs' McDade's fambly, but she done git a pow'ful hahd name fo' de doin's w'at folks say she do do.

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Ol' Muggie McCrummons he bean daid dis hyuh long time, an' Meg she live all by huhself on de Scrabble Hill plahntation. De house it done git tumbly an' ricketty, an' de fiel's dey all grow up to tangles. De t'ings w'at my o' mammy's ol' mammy say Meg done do des' meck me shedduh an' creep w'en my ol' mammy done tell me 'bout 'em! Um-m-m—um! de desp'ut t'ings my ol' mammy's ol' mammy say dat dat witchy Meg McCrummons done do! Desp'ut, suh! Desp'ut!

But she doan' lif' huh han' to hahm Mahs' McDade an' he fambly, an' bahmby dey done fo'git all 'bout Meg havin' a gredge ag'in 'em. Yeahs dey glide. an' bahmby Mahs' McDade he fine dey have two de fines' gals in all dat kentry, one des' comin' eighteen yeahs, an' t'udduh one des' comin' sixteen.

"Jicketty!" he say. "Dem's de sweetes' gals I evuh done see in de Cape Fair kentry!"

An dey bean de apple of his eye, suh, an' de apple of dey mudduh's eye, but dey have to give one of 'em up, 'kaze young Roy McCrummons, ol' Squiah McCrummon's son, w'at own de Bailey Creek plahntation, he love huh desp'utes' kyine, an' she love him, an' nuffin' kin do but

he mus' have huh, an' he do. But dey have to live on de Hackberry plahntation, Mahs' McDade he say. He cain't let he Janey go 'way fum outen he sight. So Roy an' Janey dey git married, an' stay on de Hackberry plahntation. Ol' Squiah McCrummons he have a heap o' lan' 'way down on de Pedee somewhah, an' 'bout a yeah attuh young Mahs' Roy an' Janey bean married 'Squiah he sen' Mahs' Roy down dah to see how t'ings done bean runnin'. Roy he 'spec' he be down dah 'bout a week, but he sen' wud back he cain't git froo, an' des' lack's not he be down dah five, six weeks, an', jicketty ! while he dah, a baby done bean bo'n on de Hackberry plahntation, an' Roy he bean a fadduh, an' Mahs' McDade he been a gran'fadduh. I done 'spec' duh nevuh bean 'nudduh baby bo'n in dis hyuh wide wul' w'at bean setch a wun'ful baby as dat dah McDade McCrummons's gran'son, 'co'din' to Mahs' McDade. But w'en my ol' mammy's ol' mammy kim outen de house fum seein' it de fus' time, she sheck huh haid an' roll huh eyes an' say :

“ Sho ! ” she say. ‘ Dat baby woan’ fill a pint dippuh, it so pow’ful small ! Dat’s de teenies’ baby w’at evuh had de bref o’ life ! Waffo’ de

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reason? Des' 'kaze Mahs' McDade he doan' kip he top eye peel! I wahn him 'gin Meg McCrummons, but he des' only laugh! Now see! Meg she only des' bean layin' low. She waitin' fo' huh time, an' now see! She des' done frow a spell on dat po' baby, and stent it! Dat's w'at she done do! An' dat baby des' natch'ly boun' to be a teeny mite all de days of its life!"

But Mahs' McDade he hoot at setch a t'ing, 'kaze he say he doan' see nuffin little 'bout dat wun'ful gran'son o' his'n.

"Little?" he say. "Why, jicketty! Duh nevuh bean setch a big baby as dis hyuh baby! Nevuh!"

Dat baby been a month ol', an' young Mahs' Roy he cain't git home yit. One day Janey she says she gwan to teck dat baby visitin' ovuh to de Squiah's plahntation, but huh sistuh Betty she say 'deed she ain't, den! Dat baby ain't gwan out to cotch its deff o' cold! No, suh! An' so Janey she go to Baily Creek alone dat evenin'. It git dahk, an' Janey she doan' come home yit. Mahs' McDade's folks dey nigh skeeuht crazy, an' Mahs' McDade he scrummidge up to de Squiah's plantation.

"Whah Janey?" he say.

"Janey," Squiah's folks say. "Why, she done staht home long ago!"

Den dey sahch an' sahch, but dey cain't fine Janey. De las' anybody done see of huh, one o' Squiah's niggus say he see huh goin' by de ol' Muggie McCrummons Scrabble Hill plahntation.

"An', jicketty!" he say. "Ef I doan' 'membuh now dat Meg she come out an' trot 'long behind huh, wiv huh big black cat!"

Den Mahs' McDade he mos' tomble off he hoss.

"Meg McCrummons des' natch'ly done gone an' 'witch dat gal, sho's yo' bo'n!" he holluh, an' he dash fo' ol' Muggie's plantation. Nobody dah, suh! De ricketty house bean empty as a busted cow-pea pod, an' dahk as a runnin' o' tah! Nobody hain't see Meg attuh Squiah's nigguh done see huh, an' nobody nevuh did see huh in dat kentry no mo'. Den duh bean desp'ut times at Mahs' McDade's, suh.

"An' w'en dey bean wailin' an' tah'n dey hah mos' oaten dey huids," my ol' mammy's ol' mammy say, "dey heah some un laughin' an' yellin' an' chucklin' an' mawkin' in dey eahs, an' de squawlin' an' spittin' o' cats! Nobody in de lan' kin evuh do dat but dat weeked Meg McCrum-

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mons, an' Mahs' McDade he know it! But I done wahn him, long time befo'! I done tell him to kip he top eye peel!"

Co'se dey sen' wud to Mahs' Roy, down on de Peedee, but 'fo' he kin git home 'nudduh monst'us ting done happen to de fambly. One day Janey's sistuh Betty she cain't be foun', and whah dat baby? Mighty Gabr'el! It cain't be foun' nudduh! Oh, den duh bean weepin' and wailin' on dat plahntation! An' Mahs' McDade's folks dey done heah de mawkin' laughs an' yells, an' de squawlin' an' spittin' o' de cats, wussuh dan befo'. W'en young Mahs' Roy he git home he sahch dis a-way, dat a-way, high an low, ev'whah, but it bean no use. An de yeahs dey glide, but ev' time Mahs' McDade's folks dey moan fo' Janey an' Betty an' de baby, dey done heah dat desp'ut mawkin' an' gloatin' in dey eahs. My ol' mammy's ol' mammy she know all de chahms to break up 'witchin', an' she try 'em all 'gin dis hyuh monst'us spell w'at Meg done put on Mahs' McDade's fambly, but dey woan' wuck.

"Meg done gone an' jine podnuhs wiv ol' Satan," my ol' mammy's ol' mammy she say.

'Way down fum dah, in de Red Gum kentry,

live ' nudduh McCrummons fambly. Dat bean de Angus McCrummons. Dey bean kyine o' 'way-off 'lations o' Mahs' McDade's, but doan' know nuffin' 'bout 'em only w'at dey mowt a heah'd, an' dey doan' heah nuffin' 'bout w'at bean happ'nin' 'way up dah on de Hackberry Swamp plahntation. Des' attuh dem t'ings dey 'gin to happen up dah, Angus McCrummons he seatin' in he do' smokin' he pipe one evenin', an' he luke up an' he see a mighty queeuh ol' wooman trampin' 'long de road. 'Peahs lack she bean weazen an' crooked, wiv a pow'ful shahp nose, an' huh hah it hengin' all 'bout huh face. She tu'n huh eye on Angus an' it snap lack fiah. A discons 'lit young bah done jog 'long behind de skeery lookin' ol' wooman, an' Angus he say de way dat po' bah tu'n its eyes on him he nevuh do fo'git to he dyin' day.

"Dat bah des' natch'ly luke at me de plead-ines' kyine," Angus he say, "'zac'ly ef it done bean baiggin' me to teck it 'way fum dat ol' wooman!"

De ol' wooman have de young bah to a string, an' a monst'us big black cat bean trottin' wiv huh, crookin' its back, an' swullin' its tail, an' glarin' an' spittin' at t'ings w'at Angus couldn't

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see. De ol' wooman she luke so desp'ut witchy an' spooky dat folks dey done give huh an' de po' bah an' de spittin' cat all de road dey want, but dey feel pow'ful sorry fo' de bah. An' w'at yo' tink dat creepy ol' wooman done do? She des' settle down in de ol' shanty on de back aidege o' de big swamp, w'at nobody hain' bean in fo' mo'n twenty yeahs, 'kaze it ha'nted by de spooks of ol' Toe Jillson, an' his wooman, an' his two niggus, a desp'ut hahd lot, w'at bean all foun' in de shanty one mo'nin' daid wiv dey froats cut. All dem spooks bean h'antin' dat place ev' sence, an' cuttin' up setch monst'us didos dat nobody nevuh kin stay dah no mo'. An' dah's whah dat creepy ol' wooman done settle down wiv huh cat an' huh bah! Folks dey say she cain't stay dah long. "Dem feahful Jillson spooks dey soon meck huh scrummidge ouden dah!" folks say, but w'at yo' t'ink? Jicketty! She done skeeuh dem spooks ouden dat shanty 'fo' she bean dah nights! Oh, she bean pow'ful witchy, dat ol' wooman! Pow'ful, suh!

De mail coach fum Raleigh it run froo dat kentry an' fine its way on down to Chahls'on som'how. One evenin' des' a week attuh de ol' wooman come 'long dah, de coach bean late, an'

Angus's wife she desp'ut put out 'bout it, 'kaze de coach it done rest dah fo' suppuh, an' it meck huh jingle roun' mos' too lively w'en it late. She have setch a heap on huh mind dis hyuh night dat she doan' have time to notice 'tickly a young gal w'at come in fum de coach wiv 'nudduh one, carryin' a teeny baby in huh ahms. De gal she hurry in de settin' room lack she 'spectin' some one dah waitin' foh huh. She doan' see no one dah, an' 'peahs lack she mighty s'prised an' dis'p'inted. She lie de baby in a cheeuh an' hurry out to missy Angus an' say:

"Whah she is?"

"Whah who is?" Miss Angus she say, stoppin' wiv huh han's full o' dishes.

"My sistuh Janey!" de young gal she say, an' fo' Missy Angus she dun git huh breff, she so supprise, de gal's face it git bright as de sun, an' she holluh, "Oh, dah she is; I dun heah huh shoutin' fo' me!" Den de young gal she trip outen he house. Missy Angus she t'ink sahtin de gal mus' be crazy, but she have suffin' to do 'sides runnin' attuh crazy folks, an' she scrummage roun' wiv huh suppuh, 'kase she nevuh did see de gal lie de baby in de settin'-room. Bahmby de suppuh bean eat an' de coach it rat-

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tle away. It bean gone a long time 'fo' Missy Angus she git time to go in de settin'-room. Den she see de teeny baby snoozin' dah, an' she let a shrick dat fotch Angus an' he son Jarvy flyin' in dah lack dey 'spec' de house afiah.

"Wa-wa-wah de mattuh?" Angus he spluttuh.

"Mattuh?" he wife holluh. "Cain't yo' see w'at de mattuh? Dat gal done gone off an' fo'got huh baby!"

Den de folks dey sahch ev'whah, but dey cain't fine de gal. Dey chase de coach wiv hosses, an' cotch it, but de gal ain' in it nowhah. So w'at Angus's folks gwan to do? Dey doan' want no mo' chillun, 'kase dey got ten a'ready, dough dis hyuh baby bean de teenies' mite dey evuh see or heah tell about.

"Duh ain' nuffin' to do," Missy Angus she say, "but to sen' dis po' little midget 'way somewhah."

Now it des' happen dat w'en de young gal bean dah an' say she lookin' fo' huh sistuh, young Jarvy McCrummons he cotch two, free glances of huh eye, an' dey done shoot down in he boozum deepuh an' sting him badduh dan he evuh done have a gal's eyes shoot an' sting befo'. "Dis heah baby boun' to fotch dat gal

back hyuh some day," Jarvy he t'ink to heseff, an' w'en de mudduh she say dey have to sen' de baby off, he up an' say :

"I reckon yo' woan' do nuffin' o' de kyine, mudduh ! Dat dah baby done gwan to stay right hyuh !"

Nobody dey go 'ginst young Mahs' Jarvy on dat plahntation, an' so de baby it done stay right dah. Two, free days attuh dat Jarvy bean out huntin' an' w'en he kim home he say :

"De witchy woman up to de shanty done got suffin' else now, 'sides de cat an' de hopeless young bah. She got a w'ite deeuh."

An' dat been pow'ful s'prisin', 'kase nobody 'roun' dat kentry hain't see a w'ite deeuh fo' mo'n fot'y yeahs.

Now I done 'spec' yo' des' natch'ly t'ink I'se gwan to say dat de baby growed up in dat family, but I ain't, 'kase dat baby didn't grow up at all, suh ! When he bean 10 yeah ol' he no bigguh dan a free-yeah ol' piccaninny. But he monst'us smaht. Um-m-m—um ! how smaht dat mite done bean ! An' he monst'us queeuh. W'at yo' t'ink ? He cain't heah nor he cain't talk ! He doan' stay wiv Angus's folks only des' w'en he feel lack it, but live in de wudes, an' play

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wiv bah cubs an' wilecat kittens! An' he ain't afeahd o' ol' bahs, neiduh; an' he fight 'em lack little David do big Goliah, wiv rocks an' a sling. Um-m-m—um! How he kin frow dem rocks wiv he sling! Duh nevuh bean a bullet kin whizz straigthuh an' sink deepuh dan a rock outen dat queeuh little creatuh's sling! He doan' have no name but Davy, an' dough he cain't heah nor cain't talk, young Mahs' Jarvy he done titch him to talk on he finguh, an' w'en de young un des' happen to feel dat a-way, jicketty! how he kin rattle off de talk! But he doan' feel dat a-way many times. No, suh!

De young gal w'at leave de baby in de settin' room she doan' come back, but young' Mahs' Jarvy he kip on hopin', 'kaze dat look she shoot in he haht it done bu'n dah yit. De ol' witch wooman she live right on in de shanty wiv huh cat an' huh bah an' huh w'ite deeuh. An' po' Mahs' McDade McCrummons an' he wife, 'way up on de Hackberry Swamp plahntation, dey kip heah'n de mawkin' an' de gloatin' an' de cat squawkin' in dey eahs till dey weesh dey kin die. Oh, Meg, she 'witch 'em deep! Pow'ful deep!

One day young Mahs' Jarvy he out huntin'

in de wudes, an' he bean creepin' along sly, w'en he see Davy settin' on a log close by a bah! Jarvy he know de bah, 'kaze it bean de ol' witchy woman's hopeless bah, but 'peahs lack it bean mighty peeuh, settin' dah by little Davy. Davy he bean cuddlin' up close up to dat bah, an' 'fo' Jarvy he git he breff 'long come de w'ite deeuh, an' lie she haid in Davy's lap, and Davy he des' frow he ahm 'roun' de w'ite deeuh's neck! Bahmby Davy he do suffin' dat mos' meck Mahs' Jarvy drap daid. Davy he hol' up he finguh an' talk suffin' to de bah, an' de bah hol' up one o' she claws an' talk back to Davy! Yes, suh! Dat's w'at my ol' mammy done tell me, an' huh ol' mammy done tell huh, an' huh ol' mammy she livin' dat time an' know w'at she tellin'! Yes, suh! Davy hol' up he finguh an' talk to de bah, an' de bah hol' up one o' she claws an' talk back to Davy. Davy done been titchin' de bah to talk dat a-way, and de bah done lahn de nices' kyine!

Dat enough by its ownseff to mos' meck young Mahs' Jarvy drap daid, but w'en he see w'at Davy an' de bah talkin' 'bout, he des' tink he cain't live 'nudduh minute ef he stay dah, an' he snick away an' go home. Den he lay fo' Davy,

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an' w'en Davy done come home attuh two, free days, lookin' lack he doan' know w'at he gwan to do wiv heseff, Mahs' Jarvy he done teck him 'way off by deyseffs, an' talk wiv him an' talk wiv him. W'at he talk? I dunno des' w'at, but Davy he very peeuh't w'en dey git froo, an' go scrummagin' back to de wudes des' fas' he little laigs kin tote him.

An' w'at young Mahs' Jarvy he do? He teck de fus' coach w'at gwan up No'th way, an' he doan' leave dat coach till he git to Hackberry Swamp. He go straight fo' McDade McCrummon's plahntation, an' he 'quiah fo' Mammy Sue. Dat dah bean my ol' mammy's ol' mammy. Mammy Sue she come.

"Yo' Mammy Sue?" Mahs' Jarvy he 'quiah.

"I reckon I is!" Mammy Sue she say.

Den Mahs' Jarvy he say he heah she bean a witch-spelluh, an' she say she bean.

"Den fix me a bullet made outen a white hoss's shoe," Mahs' Jarvy he say, "wiv nine haihs o' de same hoss's tail mix wiv it."

"Sho!" Mammy Sue she say, an' she luke skeeuh't. "Yo' know w'at yo' done gwan to do, suh?"

"It done gwan to be done in de dahkin' o' de

moon, at des' de stroke o' midnight!" Mahs' Jarvy he say.

"Jicketty!" Mammy Sue she say. "Doan' yo' know it mus' be done wivout powduh, suh, an' dat a chile w'at nevuh knowed he fadduh no' he mudduh, an' w'at nevuh done spick a wud in he life to a livin' soul, suh, an' w'at nevuh heah a livin' soul done spick to him, mus' do it?"

"I know dat!" Mahs' Jarvy he say. "An' ef he kill de black wolf, den all dem w'at's bean 'witched by de black wolf dey done go free, doan' dey?"

"Sho'ly!" Mammy Sue she say. "But ef he doan' kill de black wolf, den yo' tu'n to a wolf yo' ownseff, an' de black wolf own yo', and dem w'at's 'witched dey done be 'witched wussuh dan evuh? You want dat bullet?"

Mahs' Jarvey say he do, an' Mammy Sue she done fix it fo' him.

"Des' on de strike o' midnight in de dahkin' o' de moon?" she says. "An' mine yo', suh, see dat yo' clock bean right!"

Den Mahs' Jarvy he go tell Mahs' McDade's folks who he done bean, an' meck 'em declah dey sho'ly come down to Red Gum plahntation on a visit to de Angus McCrummons fambly nex'

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week. Den away he scrummage fo' home, an' nex' week, sho's yo' bo'n, Mahs' McDade an' he wife, an' Mahs' Roy McCrummons, w'at hain't hed no wife no' chillun sence ol' Meg McCrummons done witch 'em, dey all come to de Red Gum plahntation to visit de 'lations w'at dey hain't nevuh see befo'. An' dat very night de mawkin' lahfs an' de spittin' an' squawlin' cats dey holluh in po' Mahs' McDade's eahs an' in he wife's eahs wussuh dan evuh. Young Mahs' Angus he teck Mahs' Roy out walkin' an' walk him up in de wudes.

"Now," he say, "I done 'spec yo' gwan to see suffin' pow'ful queeuh. Ef yo' see it and heah it, des' doan' say a wud, an' w'en de strike o' midnight done come, if yo' ain' glad yo' bean hyuh, den yo' name been suffin' sides 'McCrummons!"

It been nigh de strike o' midnight w'en young Mahs' Jarvy he stop. De stahs dey shine mighty bright, an' dey kin see mos' lack day out in a big open holluh. Den dey heah monst'us soun' in de night, an' dey straitch dey necks an' w'at yo' tink dey see? A bah an' a w'ite deeuh, fus' one an' den t'udduh one, bein' swashed an' bit an' clawed by a pow'ful big black wolf. De black

wolf it yell an' shrick an' lahf, an' a big black cat it tread roun' wiv glaring eyes an' its back crooked, an' its tail all swull up, an' de cat a squawlin' an' spittin' till Mahs' Roy's hah it rise up to de top o' he hat.

"Mighty Gabr'el!" he whispuh to Mahs' Jarvy. "Dis hyuh bean w'at fadduh an' mud-duh dey done heah in dey eahs mos' ev'ry night!"

Den bahmby it bean des' on de strike o' midnight, an' a teeny mite of a chap he step out, an' whang! sing a sling he woosh roun'. Ef duh bean yells befo', dey bean only music to de yells w'at dat black wolf holluh w'en dat sling done twang! But it des' holluh one yell, an' jomp up high, an' den straitch on de ground dead as de rock w'at glide fum dat sling an' sink in de wolf's haid! De black cat it scampuh 'way fum dah, squawlin' lack it been tetch by fiah. An' w'at yo' t'ink happen den? Dat bah it doan' be a bah no mo', an' de w'ite deeuh it doan' be a w'ite deeuh no mo'! W'at dey bean? De bah done bean Janey standin' dah, and de w'ite deeuh it done bean huh sistuh Betty! An' whah de midget? De midget done bean little Davy, an' he stan' dah de midget yit, but he tu'n an' he

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holluh to Mahs' Roy, des' lack he bean talkin' all de days :

“Dah, fadduh !” he holluh. “Hyuh I is, an' dah my mudduh, an' dah my Aunt Betty, an' dah de black wolf w'at done bean Meg McCrummons !”

Co'se duh bean a tetchin' time, suh, up dah in de wudes, w'en all dis hyuh happen, an' duh bean a tetchinuh time yit w'en dey all git down to de Red Gum plahntation an' s'prise de folks. An' Mahs' McDade McCrummons an' he wife dey nevuh do heah dem mawkin's an' gloatin's an' squawlin' in dey eahs no mo'. An' co'se Mahs' Jarvy he done meck Aunt Betty he wife. Little Mahs' Davy? He done grow to a big man attuh dat, an' he de fadduh an' de gran'-fadduh an' de great-gran'fadduh o' mos' all de McCrummonses duh is down yon 'long de Cape Fair Rivuh to dis hyuh day, suh ! Yes, suh ! Dat a fac' !

HEADLESS GHOST THAT
WALKED WITH A CRUTCH.

HEADLESS GHOST THAT WALKED WITH A CRUTCH.

Also Another Odd Spook that the Black Homer
Recollects as Having Made a Stir One Time in
the Cape Fear Country.

I RECKON duh doan' be setch t'ings as ha'nts no mo', 'kaze it bean a long time since I done heah tell o' one. But, jicketty! Duh mowt be oodles o' ha'nts skrimmidgin' 'roun' de kentry an' I wouldn't nevuh heah 'bout 'em. I doan' heah much about nuffin sence I doan' live down Cape Fair way no mo'. Yo' dunno w'at ha'nts is? Jicketty! Ha'nts done been daid folks. Some of 'em been daid folks w'at done skittuh back to dis hyuh erf an' doan' show deyseffs, but dey folks know dey done been hyuh, 'kaze dey do t'ings dey done do w'en dey in de flaish. Dat bean de kyine o' ha'nt Joe Peery tu'n heself into, down yon in de Cape Fair kentry, long 'fo' de wah.

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Joe Peery he been a blacksmiff down dah, an' one day he up an' die; and he done die so sedden, suh, dat he go 'way an' leave a heap o' wuck dat ain' been finish. Dat t'ing prey so desp'rit hahd on Joe attuh he daid dat he cain't stan' it, an' de fus' t'ing anybody know, dey heah, 'long in de night time, Joe's anvil clingy-te-clang! clingy-te-clang! ringin' in de ol' shop; an' de bellus it blow an' de spahks dey fly, des' de way dey done do w'en Joe bean dah in de flaish, whangin' away wiv he shiny hammuh.

"Mighty Gabr'el!" folks deysay. "Joe Peery's ha'nt done come back to finish up dat wuck he done leave, sho's yo' bo'n!"

Nobody nevuh do see dat ha'nt, but doan' Miss' Scoles fine huh fryin' pan in Joe's shop, wiv de handle all fix on, w'at she done leave dah to be fix des' 'fo' Joe up an' die an' leave it wiv-out fixin'? Co'se she do? Doan' Big 'Leazuh, fum de Ray plantation, teck a wagon wheel down fo' Joe to sot de tiah on it, an' doan' Joe up an' die 'fo' he kin tetch it? He do. But doan' Big 'Leazuh fine dat wheel in de shop, wiv de tiah all sot, des' lack nobody but Joe Peery kin set a tiah? He do. And Mahs' McKeevuh—w'at he done do? Mahs' McKeevuh he have de mos'

monst'uses' kickin' hoss w'at evuh fling its heels to'ds de sky in all de Cape Fair kentry. But it bean a pow'ful good hoss, an' Mahs' McKeevuh he done t'ink de wul' of it. Nobody kin clap a shoe on dat hoss 'cept Joe Peery, an' w'en Joe he up an' die Mahs' McKeevuh he feel desp'rit, 'kaze w'at he gwan to do wiv dat kickin' hoss w'en he mus' have shoes sot on him? Dat 'scoriate Mahsuh pow'fulles' kyine, an' he des' gwan to get shet o' de hoss w'en he heah 'bout Joe Peery's ha'nt skittuhn back to he shop to finish de wuck Joe done leave, time he done depaht fum the flaish.

"Jicketty!" Mahs' McKeevuh he say. "Ef dat bean Joe Peery's ha'nt, it boun' to shoe dis hyuh hoss o' mine, sho'ly!"

An' he sen' de hoss out to Joe's shop an' shet it in dah dat very night, an' folks w'at live roun' dah dey declah dey heah de anvil whangin' an' ringin', an' de bellus blowin' lack dey nevuh do heah 'em befo', an' see de spahks flyin' lack de ol' shop des' natch'ly bean on fiah! An' de way Mahs' McKeevuh's hoss did kick an' plenge an' stomp on de flo', dey nevuh did heah de lack of it sence Joe done shoe dat hoss befo' he up an' die. An' dey declah dey heah dat ha'nt cussin'

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dat hoss up an' down, des' lack Joe Peery done cuss it time he shoe de hoss while he doin' it in de flaish ! An' w'en Mahs' McKeevuh git de hoss nex' mo'nin', dah he bean, shod new all 'round, suh, des' lack nobody in de wul' kin shoe him 'cept Joe Peery !

Bahmby Joe's ha'nt it done finish up all dat wuck Joe leave w'en he quit des' hyuh vale o' teahs, an' den de ha'nt it doan' come back no mo'. But bahmby Mahs' McKeevuh's hoss it mus' be shod ag'in, an' Mahsuh he mighty pupplex in he mine.

"I t'ink I put de hoss in de shop, anyhow," he say, "but I doan' 'spec' Joe's ha'nt done gwan to skittuh back hyuh des' to do a job o' shoein'."

Mahs' McKeevuh put de hoss in de shop dat night, an' sho's yo' bo'n, suh, Joe's ha'nt done come an' do de job ! An' it come back an' shoe dat hoss ev' time it done need shoein', an' w'en dat hoss up an' die attuh w'ile, I declah ef it didn't have a ha'nt its ownseff, suh, w'at done come back to de shop to git shod, an' Joe Peery's ha'nt it done come back an' do de shoein', 'kaze de folks dey heah de kickin' an' de thumpin', an' de clingin' an' de clangin', an' de cussin' an'

de swah'n, des' lack it all bean w'en de hoss an' Joe Peery bofe bean dah in de flaish! Dese hyuh queeuh doin's dey bean goin' on to dis day, I reckon, ef dat ol' shop it doan' cotch fiah bahm-by an' bu'n to de groun', so dem dah two ha'nts dey hain' got no place to come back to no mo'. Now, ain' dat pow'ful queeuh, suh? Do yo' evuh heah anyt'ing des' lack dat dah, in all yo' bo'n days?

Den one time Mahs' McKeevuh he have some business long way down de rivuh, an' night it come drappin' down 'fo' he ritch de place whah he gwan to. But de moon it shinin' bright as day. Mahs' McKeevuh he joggin' 'long on he hoss, w'en a man rise up by de side de road, des' lack he done grow outen de groun'. Fus' t'ing Mahs' McKeevuh notice bean dat de man doan' have but one laig, an' dat he hump 'long wiv a cretch. He hobble 'long by de hoss, an' 'peahs lack he lookin' fo' suffin' he done lose. Mahs' McKeevuh he pull up he hoss, an' he des' gwan to ax de man w'at he lookin' fo', w'en he see suffin' dat joggle him so dat he mos' tumble outen he saddle. De man wiv only one laig an' de cretch doan' have no haid! He haid done gone clean down to he shoulduhs, an' den

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Mahs' McKeevuh see dat it doan' be no man at all w'at stumpin' 'long wivout no haid, lookin' fo' suffin'. It bean a ha'nt! Mahs' McKeevuh he feel heseff tu'n white. Den he feel heseff tu'n red. Den he tu'n hot. Den he tu'n cold. Den he fine he tongue, an' he holluh :

"Mighty Gabr'el!" An' he sock he heel in he hoss an' fly from dah des' lack he have wings.

Yo' declah yo' ain' timidatious, suh, but I bet ef yo' done see dat han't yo' bean skeeuht des' lack Mahs' McKeevuh bean, an' fly fum dah des' lack he do. Des' yo' t'ink of a ha'nt wiv only one laig, hobblin' froo de lan' on a cretch, lookin' fo' suffin' wiv no haid on its shoulduhs to look wiv! Jicketty! I reckon dat boun' to skeeuh mos' any man, an' Mahs' McKeevuh he nevuh pull a rein till he ritche a house, two miles from whah he see dat monst'us ha'nt. He tumble outen he saddle, an' a man come from de house to meet him. W'en de man look at Mahs' McKeevuh he rise he han's an' he holluh :

"Good Lo'd!" he holluh. "Yo' done see it, suh, sho's you' bo'n!"

Mahs' McKeevuh be all twimbly yit, an' he say: "I done see w'at, suh?"

“De one-laigged ha’nt wivout any haid, walk-in’ wiv a cretch!” de man he say.

An’ Mahs’ McKeevuh he say yes, he guess he done do so see it, sho’ly. Den de man he teck mahsuh in de house and staidy he nuvs wiv some peach an’ honey, an’ he tell de mahsuh dat ha’nt been skrimmidgin’ roun’ dah fo’ six months. It bean de ha’nt of a man w’at done been cotch in a steamboat ’splosion on de rivuh down dah, an’ w’at bean pick up on de bank wiv he haid gone an’ one laig off. Dey fine de man’s laig, but dey doan’ fine he haid. De man come fum down in de Peedee kentry, an’ dey done sen’ w’at dey kin fine of ’im back whah he come fum.

“Des’ ’bout a week attuh dat,” so dis hyuh man say to Mahs’ McKeevuh, “we git a slashin’ rain, an’ de little creek w’at shies ’cross de road down yon whah de ha’nt done rise up befo’ yo’ it swull up right smaht an’ resh down outen de swamp, fetchun’ oodles o’ rebbish wiv it. My black boy Jim he bean comin’ ’long de road down dah, an’ de fus’ t’ing I know I see Jim flyin’ back dis way, lack ol’ Satan at he heels, an’ w’en he git hyuh I declah ef he ain’ mos’ tu’n w’ite!

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“‘Mahs’ Simms!’ he holluh, ‘de po’ man’s lost haid it bean layin’ by de road down yon in de holluh! De creek done fotch it outen de swamp!’

“Den dat boy Jim he drap lack he daid, and I bet yo’ I was’e mo’n a pint o’ good peach’fo’ I git him fotch to ag’in.”

“Whah dat haid?” Mahs’ McKeevuh he ask de man.

“Oh, we go down dah an’ teck it away,” de man say.

“W’at yo’ done do wiv it?” mahsuh he ask.

“We dig a hole up on de hill yon, an’ plahnt de haid in it, suh,” de man say. “An’ den de ha’nt wiv one laig an’ no haid, stumpin’ ’long on a cretch, it done ’peah down dah in de holluh whah we fine de haid, and dah it bean skrimmidg-in’ nights ev’ sence, suh.”

Den Mahs’ McKeevuh he git monst’us mad, an’ he swah pow’ful, an’ declah to de man dat dey bean a swaddlin’ o’ fools ’round dah, an’ doan’ know nuffin’.

“Cain’t yo’ see w’at done bean preyin’ on dat po’ ha’nt’s mind?” he say to de man. “Dat po’ ha’nt des’ natch’ly lookin’ fo’ it’s haid, an’ it

woan' nevuh git no rest till it done fine it neiduh ! ”

An' nex' mo'nin' Mahs' McKeevuh he go an' he dig up dat haid, an' it bean all tu'n to nuffin' but a skeleton den.

“ But dat doan' meck no diff'ence,” de mahsuh he say. “ It bean dat ha'nt's haid, des' de same, an' de ha'nt done gwan to have it, too ! ”

W'en night come ag'in, Mahs' McKeevuh he teck de haid down to de holluh whah de ha'nt done rise up an' mos' joggle him, an' he lie it on a stump. De moon it bean bright as day, an' mahsuh he scrootch down 'hind a bush to see w'at gwan to happen nex'. Bahmby he see de ha'nt come stumpin' 'long on its cretch, lookin' fo' suffin' 'des' as plain as day, wivout no haid on its shoulduhs. It come along dah, an' it hobble to de stump an' see de haid lyin' dah. De ha'nt des' give one jump an' snatch de haid, an' flop about an' stump back de way it come fum, an' went out o' sight, Mahs' McKeevuh say, des' lack a candle w'at been snuff out by de wind !

“ As de ha'nt done scuffle by whah I bean scrootched 'hind de bush,” Mahs' McKeevuh say, “ it had de haid unduh its ahm, and de

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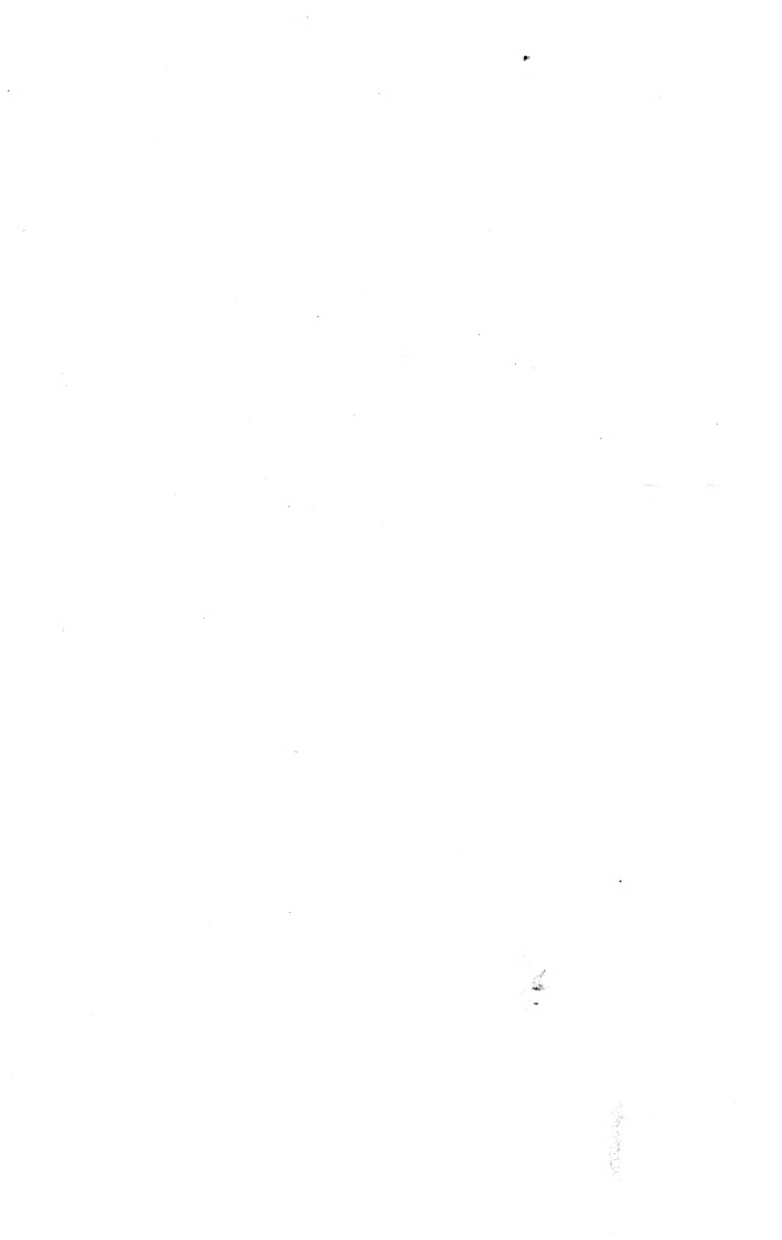
haid bean smilin' all ovuh it's face, des' lack it
mos' tickle to deff!"

An' dey nevuh did see dat ha'nt no mo'.
Mahs' McKeevuh he know, o' co'se, waffo' de
ha'nt doan' have no haid an' des' one laig,
but one t'ing 'bout it done puzzle mahsuh to
he dyin' day.

"Rosybell," he done say to my ol' mammy,
many, many times, "whah in de wide wul' do
yo' spec' dat ha'nt done git dat dah cretch?"

An' Rosybell she nevuh could say, suh.
Nevuh!

SNUFFY SAM'S KINGDOM.



SNUFFY SAM'S KINGDOM.

The Account of Snuffy's Smartness and the Way
he was Cheated by a Pirate and Helped by a
Big Bird, as Given to the Black Homer by his
Mammy.

ONE t'ing been stickin' in my crap, stickin' in my crap, an' stickin' in my crap, ev' sence de wah, suh, an' long befo' de wah, too, an' I cain't git it out, no way I kin fix it. I des' gwan to tell yo' 'bout dat, suh, an' I bet ef yo' doan' say dat ottuh stick in my crap den yo' mus' t'ink I got a pow'ful big crap, suh. But mebbe yo' done heah 'bout Mahs' Angus's nigguh, Snuffy Sam, 'long 'fo' dis time? No? Jicketty! 'Peahs lack dat bean mighty queeuh, too! I 'spec' folks dey doan' t'ink to tell yo' 'bout him—but den I dunno 'bout dat, neiduh. I reckon folks 'roun' hyuh dey doan' know much 'bout de Cape Fair kentry. Sho! Co'se dey doan'! Folks 'roun'

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in dis hyuh piney woods kentry dey doan' know much 'bout nuffin' !

Mahs' Angus he live down yon in de Cape Fair kentry, an' his plahntation it jine on to Mahs' McKeevuh's, an' dat de way my ol' mammy she know 'bout Snuffy Sam, an' co'se she done tell me 'bout it many an' many a time ; but des' de same dat one t'ing it stick in my crap. Snuffy Sam he b'long on de Angus plahntation, an' he mighty sly coon, I tell yo', suh ! Jicketty ! He monst'us sly, dat Snuffy Sam done bean ! Mahs' Angus done git him 'way down in N'oleens, or summuh down dat a-way. 'Peahs lack Sam he puffec'ly satisfy wiv Mahs' Angus, an' Mahs' Angus he t'ink Sam des' de succombobbles' nigguh 'long de ol' Cape Fair.

"Mahs' Angus he des' natch'ly done meck a fool o' hese'ff ovuh dat Snuffy Sam," my ol' mammy she say, "an' it a heaven-bo'n wonduh of de skies," she say, "dat Sam he doan' cut sticks an' sheck de mud o' de Cape Fair kentry off he heels long 'fo' he done did do it, de pow'ful heap o' chances w'at he mahsuh give him."

Dat w'at my ol' mammy she done declah, but Sam he bean on de plahntation mo'n a yeah, chippuh an' peeuh as kin be, an' if anybody had

des' meck a little whispuh dat dey done t'ink dat nigguh gwan to run away some day, folks des' natch'ly set dat pusson down as crazy—crazy as a mullet w'at bean fool enough to suck in de doughball wiv de jimson-weed p'ison seeds mash up in it, an' dat bean de crazies' t'ing w'at evuh bean seen in de wahtuh, or on de lan' below or in de sky above, suh! But one mo'nin' Mahs' Angus he go down to de co'nfiel', an' peah's lack he ain' feelin' des' sahtin in he mind.

"Whah Snuffy Sam?" he done inquiah.

De dahkies dey all do declah dey hain' see Snuffy Sam not sence he t'un in las' night.

Den Mahs' Angus he skrimmidge back to de house, an' w'en he done git dah de women folks dey all bean combobulated woful, an' de young Missy's gal, Teety, she des' bout cryin' de eyes outen huh haid.

"Waffo' dat wuffless wench done belluh'n so?" Mahs' Angus he holluh. "Huh mammy done gone daid?"

"No, suh," de young Missy she whimpuh. "Some un done stole Teety's neck beads! Dat's w'at some un done do!" she whimpuh.

"Whah Snuffy Sam?" Mahs' Angus he cry.

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Nobody dey doan' know whah Snuffy Sam bean. Dey hain' seen Snuffy Sam sence he done t'un in las' night.

Den Mahs' Angus he cletch he haid an' holluh :

"Mighty Gabr'el ! Dat crantorious nigguh he done pull de wool ovuh my eyes, sho's I bean bo'n !"

Den de women folks dey all combobulated mo' an' mo', 'kaze now dey know dat Snuffy Sam done stole Teety's neck-beads, w'at de young Missy done fotch huh 'way fum N'oleens, Time Mahs' Angus done fotch Snuffy Sam to de plahntation. Snuffy Sam done stole de beads an' skuffle 'way fum Mahs' Angus, sho'ly ! 'Sides dat, Mahs' Angus's canoe it cain't be foun', neiduh. 'Peahs lack dat runaway nigguh he ain' gwan to meck he feet so' sheekin' de mud o' de Cape Fair kentry offen 'em, an' he des' done sail away in Mahs' Angus's canoe ! Jicketty ! Dat bean a monst'us sly coon, dat Snuffy Sam, suh ! Monst'us sly ! But whah he done gone ? Dey cain't fine out. Dey chase down de rivuh, miles an' miles, but dey cain't git on dat nigguh's track nowhah, an' dey have to give it up. My ol' mammy say dat she heah Mahs' McKeevuh say dat in all he life he nevuh did heah a man

swah so monst'us sulphumerous as Mahs' Angus swah w'en he have to give up chasin' Snuffy Sam, and Mahs' McKeevuh bean a man w'at had a pow'ful gift fo' swah'n', he ownse'ff. I done heah dat man commune wiv he tempuh sometimes till I glance up in de sky an' t'ink dat ef de showuh o' brimstone evuh do be comin' it sahtin'ly mus' be on de way des' den. Mahs' McKeevuh sahtin'ly do have a pow'ful gift dat a-way, but he declah, so my ol' mammy done say, dat he nevuh did heah a man swah so monst'us sulphumerous as Mahs' Angus done do w'en he have to give up chasin' Snuffy Sam.

Dis hyuh happen des' befo' de shuckin' o' de co'n, an' two, free weeks attuh de co'n bean shuck, des' about dusk time one evenin', my ol' mammy she settin' in de cabin all alone, an' she heah tap, tap, tap, on de do' jam. She look up, an' den she mos' drap daid whah she sot, 'kaze dah at the do' stood suffin' long an' slim an' bony, wiv its eyes sonk 'way back in its haid! It riz a skinny han', an' it look at my ol' mammy an' say, kyine o' low lack:

"Sh-h-h-h!"

Mammy she done 'spec' huh time bean come,

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but she ain' gwan to go wivout a wud, an' so she say :

“ W'at unduh de gleamin' sky an' glittuh'n stahs yo' done do in de flaish dat yo' cain't res' in yo' grave ? ”

“ Sh-h-h-h ! ” dat skinny an' bony suffin' whispuh. “ I'se in de flaish now, so I is ! Rosybell, doan' yo' know me ? ”

When dat suffin' done whispuh huh name dat a-way, my ol' mammy she jump mos' outen huh skin, but dat minute she git ovuh huh skeeuh an' she say :

“ I doan' know yo' ! ” she say, “ but ef yo' bean in de flaish I doan' see whah yo' done tote 'it ! I doan' see nuffin' but skin an' bones ! ”

“ Sh-h-h-h ! ” de suffin' whispuh some mo'.

“ Rosybell, I bean Snuffy Sam ! ”

My ol' mammy she spreng to huh feet an' cletch dat suffin' by its shoulduh an' tu'n its haid to de do'. Sho's yo' bo'n, suh, it bean Snuffy Sam, all shronk an' sonk an' rattly. But it bean Snuffy Sam, sho's yo' bo'n ! My ol' mammy she cletch him fastuh yit, an' she gruzzle at him an' say :

“ Yo' onfortnit sniffgozzlin' nigguh, yo' ! Whah little Teety's neck beads ? ”

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Snuffy Sam he winch, an' he slump down, an' he say :

"Sh-h-h-h, Rosybell ! I done trade 'em fo' de kingdom !"

My ol' mammy she drap Sam an' des' squattle down in huh cheeuh an' look at him, 'kaze she cain't speak. She t'ink Sam he done gone outen he haid, sho'ly. But he sheck it an' say he ain't.

"Shet de do', Rosybell," he say, " an' I done tell yo' all about it."

Mammy she shet de do', an' Snuffy Sam he sot down, an' dis hyuh bean w'at he done tell huh, lack she tell me, many, many times.

"I done bean t'inkin' a long time," Snuffy Sam he say, "dat I gittin' tahd doin' wuck fo' udduh folks, an' I des' meck up my mind I sail away fum de Cape Fair kentry an' go 'skivvuh an island summuhs an' be de king of it, an' meck folks wuck fo' me. I snick little Teety's neck beads, 'kaze I t'ink mebbe I done git a queen, an' dem dah beads dey bean des' de t'ing fo' huh. I skrimmidge away in Mahs' Angus' canoe, an' I sail an' I sail. I git 'way down by de 'quatuh, Rosybell, an' dah I t'ink I kin teck a breavin' spell. I done tie de canoe to 'quatuh,

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an' dah I rest an' rest on de waves. I ain' bean dah only little w'ile, w'en I see a mighty shadow, an' I look up. Rosybell, it bean a monst'us big fowl, comin' swoop, swoop, right down to'ds me, an' I weesh I back on de ol' plahntation. But dat monst'us fowl it ain't attuh me. It swosh in de ocean right by de canoe, an' I see dat one of its mighty wings bean hu't despr'it. I he'p dat po' fowl in de canoe, an' I doctuh, an' doctuh, an' doctuh de wing till it done git well. Dat fowl so t'ankful dat w'en I ontie de canoe fum de 'quatuh an' sail away ag'in, dat fowl it fly an' fly 'long wiv me mo'n a hund'd mile, an' den it swoop away an' lose itseff in de sky, an' co'se I nevuh did spec' to see dat fowl no mo.

"Bahmby, Rosybell, I done sight lan', an' I pull dat a-way, an' sho! it bean an island! I swull up an' feel mighty proud, 'kaze I 'skivvuh de island, an' I reckon I des' nuffin less dan a king dat very minute. I lan' on de sho'. Duh bean heaps o' san' dah, but I doan' see nobody resh to meet me, an' I des gwan to git in de canoe an' sail away ag'in w'en I heah suffin' grunt. I tu'n an' look, an' mighty Gabr'el, Rosybell! dah stan' a pirate, sho's yo' bo'n! He p'int a

pistol in one han', an' he swish a big knife in de udduh.

“ ‘Waffo' yo' scufflin' 'roun' dis hyuh sho'?’
de pirate holluh.

“ ‘Nuffin',’ I say ; ‘only, I t'ink mebbe I 'skiv-
vuh it an' kin be its king.’

“ De pirate he fotch a grozzle way down in he froat, an' it meck me jump lack a skeeuht buck-rabbit, Rosybell ; an' den he put up he pistol an' he knife, an' he say :

“ ‘Duh done bean a king on dis hyuh island already, suh,’ he say. ‘But dat king bean fo' sale.’

“ Den de pirate he tell me dat de king he got a queen an' a daughtuh, but de daughtuh bean de queen's step-daughtuh, an' de queen she des' mo' dan hate de po' gal.

“ ‘Yo' des' buy out de king an' marry the daughtuh,’ de pirate say, ‘an' kick de queen off de island, an' den de island done bean yo'n, suh, an' yo' bean de king till yo' die.’

“ So I done go 'long wiv dis hyuh pirate, Rosybell, on' I trade Teety's neck beads fo' de kingdom !”

Den my ol' mammy she cain't stan' it no longuh, an' she breck in on Snuffy Sam, an' she cry :

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"Whah de kingdom, den? W'at yo' done do wiv dat kingdom w'at yo' trade Teety's neck beads fo', yo' scrumbacious nigguh, yo'?"

Snuffy Sam he look skeeuht, an' he whispuh :

"Sh-h-h-h, Rosybell! I done gwan to tell yo' all 'bout it! I trade de beads fo' de kingdom, an' I des' gwan to marry de king's daughtuh an' mount de throne an' wave de sceptuh, w'en w'at yo' t'ink? Dat pirate he done teck de king off in de woods an' knock him in de haid! Den de pirate done marry de king's widduh an' mount de throne he ownseff! Dat de monst'uses outridge I evuh do heah about! An' dat pirate he tie me on de back of a big snappin' tuttle, Rosybell, an' drive de tuttle out to sea!"

Den my ol' mammy breck in on Snuffy Sam ag'in an' cry:

"Sahvs yo' right, yo' w'ite livuh nigguh yo! Waffo yo' doan grab de pirate's pistol an' scattuh he brains on de sho', an' den marry de king's daughtuh an' mount de throne? W'at yo' done been tinkin' 'bout, yo' po' trash, yo'?"

"Sh-h-h-h, Rosybell!" Snuffy Sam he say. I done grab de pistol, but it tumble in de sea an' den w'at I gwan to do? De tuttle it swum an' it swum till I bean des' chokin' an' stahvin' to

deff, an' I weesh I back on de ol' plahntation, I bet yo'!" Des' w'en I done give up an' shet my eyes to die, I see a big fowl swoopin' down on me.

"Tucky buzzard!" I cry. "It cain't wait till I die 'fo' it gwan to pick de meat offen my po' bones!"

"But it doan't bean a tucky buzzard, Rosybell. It done bean dat mons'us big fowl w'at I doctuh its wing, time I tie de canoe to de 'quatuh! Dat kyine fowl it peck dem ropes loose w'at hol' me fas' to de tuttle, an' it tow me, an' lan' me squah at de mouf o' de Cape Faih Rivuh!

"An' hyuh I is, Rosybell! Des' yo' tote de news gently to Mahs' Angus, an' tell him Snuffy Sam bean rejoicin' from he haid to he toes to git back to de ol' plahntation an' dat he woan' nevuh leave it no mo'."

An' my ol' mammy she tote de news to Mahs' Angus, an' he so pow'ful glad to git dat nigguh back dat he doan' even flog him, suh, an' he swah he mos' have a notion to fit up a vessel an' sail to dat island whah Snuffy Sam trade Teety's neck beads fo' de kingdom, an' wipe dat monst'us pirate off de face de erf. But he doan' nevuh do it, an' dat des' w'at stick in my

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crap, suh. Why doan' Mahs' Angus do dat?
Ef yo' doan' say dat ottuh stick in my crap, den
I bet yo' t'ink I got a pow'ful big crap, suh!
Dat's w'at I bet yo'!



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